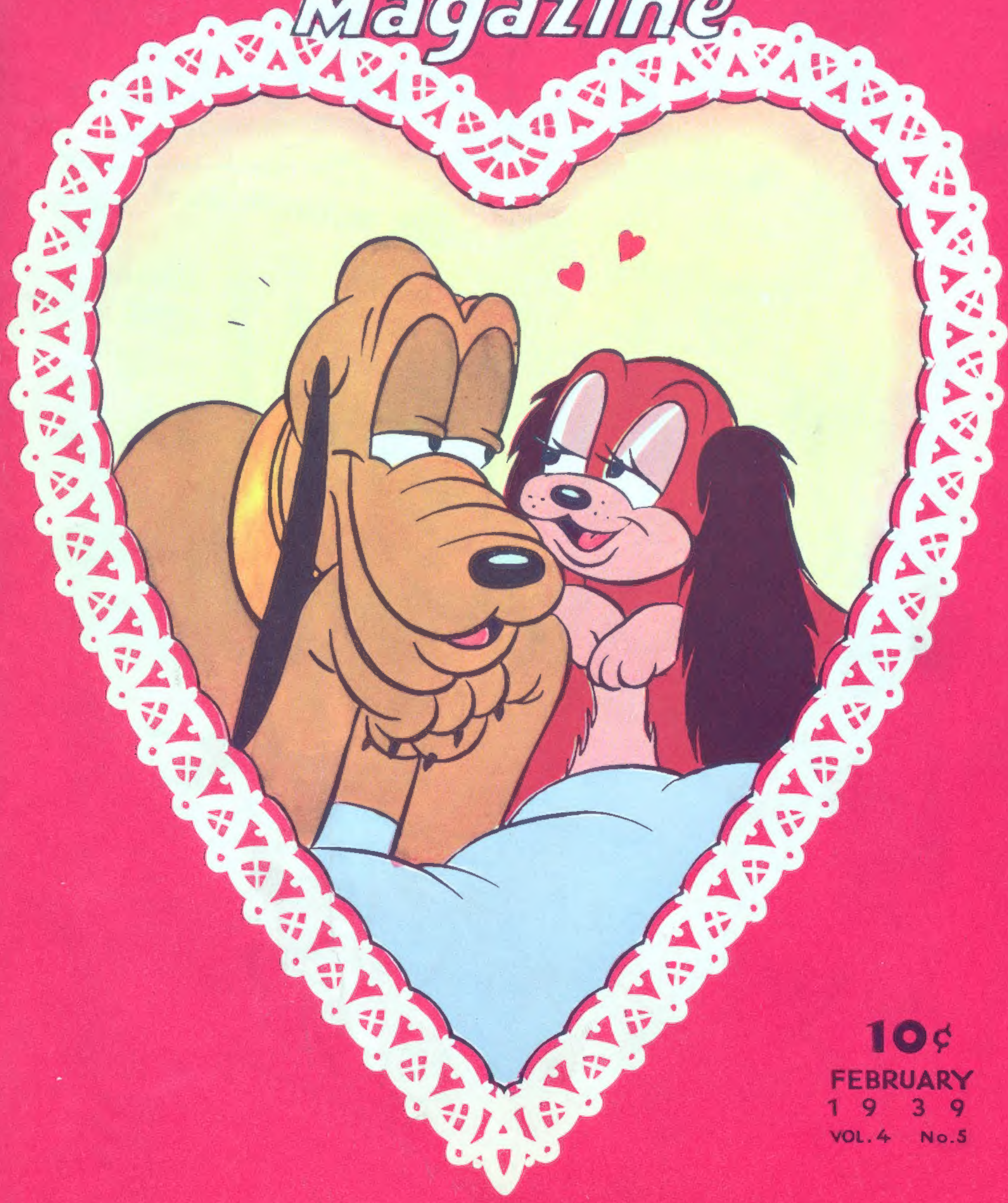
Mickey Mouse Magazine

JAN -9 1939



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VOL. 4 No. 5

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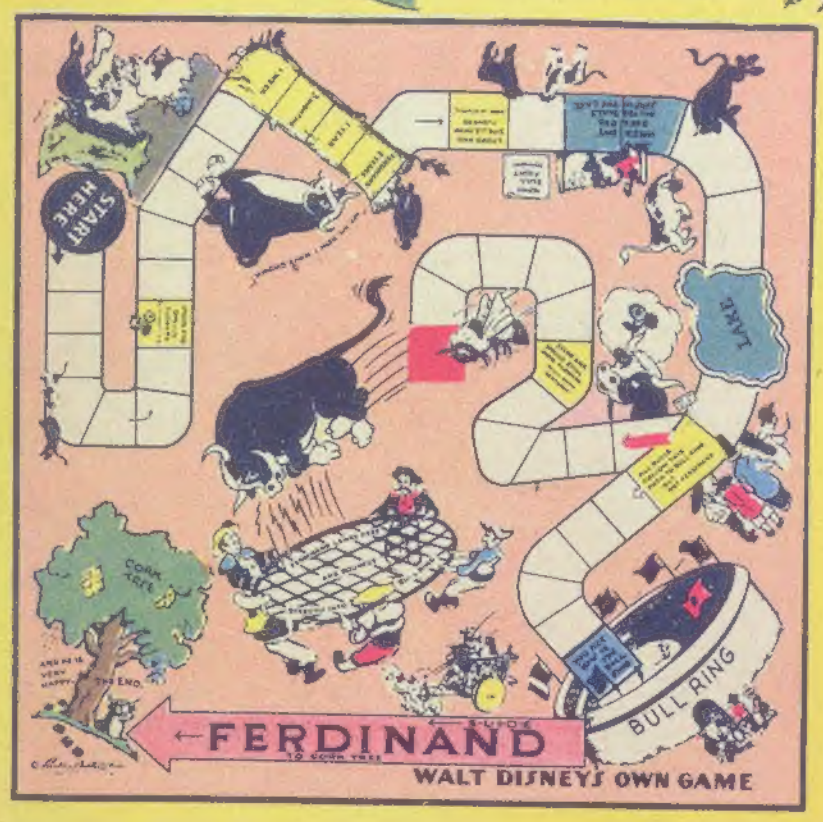

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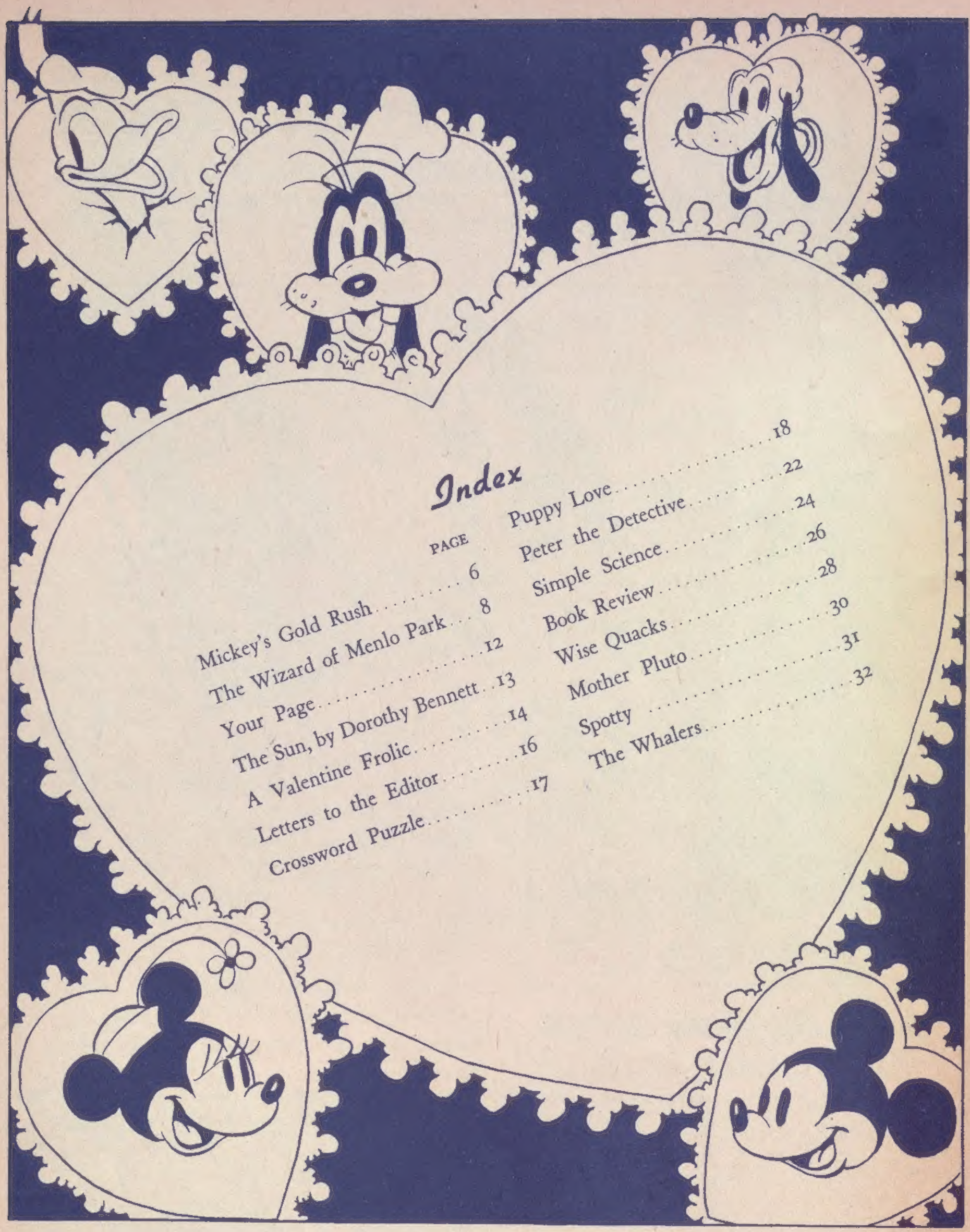

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Published monthly by arrangement with Walt Disney Enterprises

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Subscription price in the U. S. A. and Canada, $1 per year; other countries, $2 per year; 10 cents per copy. Re-entered as second class matter October 11, 1935 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at the Post Office, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

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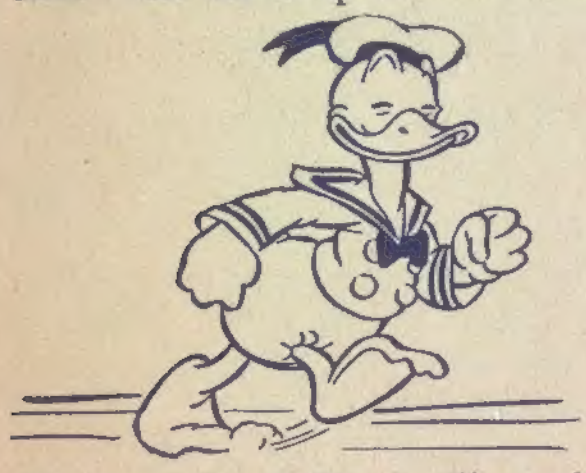
Mickey Mouse Magazine

MICKEY MOUSE, Editor — KAY KAMEN, Publisher

Just Between Us—

WILL wonders never cease? It's true that many surprising things are supposed to happen in the New Year but . . . well we were never prepared for this! Even Mickey looked puzzled and shook his head. "What do you make out of it, Goofy?" he asked. "It just ain't natural for Donald to be grinning all the time. Puts everybody outa sorts!" said the Goof. And that's just it. Donald hasn't lost his temper for weeks.

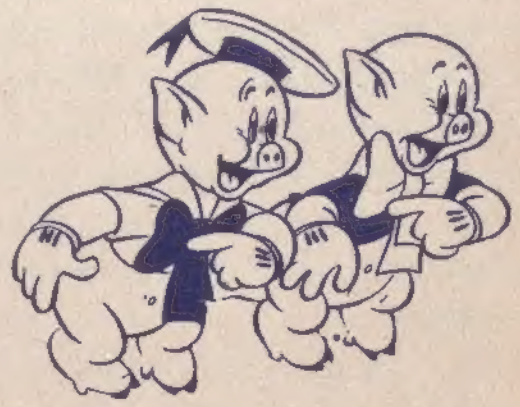


It's the talk of Disneyville and everyone is feeling nervous. Goofy could still laugh though when we talked to him. "Har! Har!" he chuckled. "When he does blow up it sure will be a *hurricane!*"

EVERYBODY is so busy around the office reading plays which are pouring in from everywhere for the contest which was announced in the December issue of the magazine. They are really very good plays and that makes the job of selecting the winners a tough one, but we hope the judges will make up their minds in time so we may be able to make the BIG ANNOUNCEMENT of prize awards in the April issue. Good luck to all my pals everywhere!

HERE'S our friend Pluto back with us again. And you'll be seeing him on the screen too this month in the "Society Dog Show." It's very funny. The poem, "Puppy Love" and the illustrations in this issue will give you an idea of what Walt Disney's latest picture is about. Pluto is our choice for the best dog in the show. We don't care what the judges say—and I bet all of Mickey's pals wish they had a Pluto for their very own!

AND something else this month is new. There are so many famous people who lived once upon a time or who are living right now doing many interesting things that we thought you might like to hear about some of them. So each month we will pick a "Famous Birthday" and tell you a few entertaining stories about that person. For February we have chosen the "Wizard of Menlo Park" and you will find it on page 8.



NEXT month we are going to tell you the story of "The Practical Pig" and there will be lots of amusing pictures too, in color. This latest escapade of the three little pigs is very exciting and funny at the same time. You'll love it. And remember to keep your eyes open for the movie which will be showing along about the same time you receive the magazine. We tell you the story from the movie as faithfully as we can but it is never as good as *seeing* those rosy foolish little brothers dancing off to take a swim, or *hearing* the Big Bad Wolf singing like a mermaid!

GOLD! Mickey went deeper and deeper into the hills to find it. He and Minnie rode in a covered wagon drawn by two oxen. It took them days and days. The oxen went so slowly that sometimes Mickey got out and walked beside the wagon and he never had the least trouble keeping up with it.

"Yippee," he cried. "This is the life! We'll build a log cabin and camp in the mountains. You can play house, Minnie, and do all the cooking."

"Maybe we'll see bears," said Minnie, her eyes round and big.

"Sure we will," cried Mickey. "And I'll tame them. I'll tame the bears and shoot the wild cats."

"What about Indians?" Minnie whispered. She was afraid of Indians.

"Now don't start imagining things!" Mickey said. "I can defend you. I'm a very good defender."

So they built their cabin on a hill a few miles from a trading post. It was the best possible place to build, as Mickey pointed out, because it was right in the middle of the gold country, and he could begin digging for gold right around the house.

"Then we can have lunch together," he explained to Minnie. "And you won't be alone long enough to be afraid. The traders say the Indians are quiet now, and bears and wild cats never come in the daytime."

"Oh, I'm brave," Minnie said, smoothing her pretty apron.

So Mickey went out with a very large bag to bring home the gold, and a strainer to sift the sands, and he worked over all the streams in the neighborhood. He walked and walked and he looked and looked until his eyes ached and his feet just refused to go any further. Still he didn't find any gold.

"I'll have to go a little farther off," he told Minnie the next day. "The gold is on the next hill—I think. So I'll be back before it gets dark. You won't be scared, will you?"

And Minnie said no, she would not be scared.

Every morning Mickey set out cheerfully, and every night he came back tired, but not discouraged even though he didn't find any gold.

"Don't give up," urged Minnie. "You'll get it yet. I know you will!"

"Sure, I'll hit it," Mickey said. "Whose giving up?"

ONE day, Minnie waved goodbye from the top of the hill and then went indoors to sweep the cabin and tidy up. "I'll make a cake," she thought. "Mickey loves cake. I'll make a big one with lots of icing."

She stuck wood in the stove until the fire roared up the chimney. Then she set to work—mixing, stirring and beating. But the pan was hardly in the oven when she heard a fearful cry. It was so loud and piercing that it hurt her ears.

"A war whoop!" she gasped. "The Indians have stopped being quiet."

They had indeed! A dozen of them came galloping up on their lively ponies and surrounded the cabin. Minnie crouched down in a corner and waited. She hardly dared to breathe. The front

door was slightly ajar. Was something pushing it open wider? Minnie shivered. Then she saw two feathers come through the opening. They were less than three feet from the ground!

"Goodness me," thought Minnie. "It must be a dwarf Indian!"

But it wasn't. It was a very, very big Indian—on his hands and knees. He poked his whole head in the door and Minnie noticed an evil gleam in his black eyes. He looked all around the room and he saw Minnie. Very slowly he moved toward her—still on his hands and knees.

"Ugh," he grunted. "You my prisoner. Ugh!"

Minnie looked about her in a panic, but she was cornered. There was no way to escape.

Pulling a tomahawk from his belt the Indian dusted it carefully on Minnie's snow white apron. Then he took hold of her by one ear and dragged her into the middle of the floor. "Injun scalp prisoner," he said, and raised the tomahawk.

But just as he was about to scalp her, he sniffed the air. He sniffed again and again. The cake was baking. Oh, how delicious it smelled—especially to the Indian because he had been riding since dawn without a thing to eat.

"Ugh," grunted the Indian. "Good! Food!" And he let go of Minnie.

"Oh," Minnie gasped, catching her breath. "You're hungry. You poor thing. Yes—of course the cake," she cried. "But wait till it cools. You'll burn your tongue."

The Indian waited, but every few minutes he stuck his fingers in the cake then in his mouth and smacked his lips.

As soon as the cake was cool enough, Minnie cut him a large piece. "Now he won't kill me," she thought. "Maybe he only acted wild because he was hungry."

Then she noticed more feathers bobbing up and down, back and forth, past the window. Perhaps the other Indians would come in and kill her. She looked at the cake, and to her horror, she found that it was nearly all gone. If the other Indians came in, there would be nothing to give them! But they were too busy piling branches around the cabin in order to set it on fire. They loved burning houses and did it whenever they got a chance.

Luckily Minnie didn't know what they were planning to do or she might have lost her head. But instead she was very calm and the Indians liked her.

"Come," said the Indian leader.

"Where?" asked Minnie.

He replied by slinging her up over his shoulder and stalking out to his horse. Off they galloped like the wind. Minnie twisted around and looked back in time to see tongues of flame licking up the walls of the little cabin. She saw it all upside down because she was still hanging over the Indian's shoulder, but she knew what was happening just the same. And she was glad to be outside the house, even if she was upside down.

By and by the other Indians caught up to them. "All done," they said. And they rode more swiftly than ever over strange trails through the mountains. At last they reached camp and dismounted. Lots of Indians crowded around Minnie and looked at her curiously, making funny grunts that she couldn't understand. Then they gave her meal and said: "Make cake. Good."

So she rolled up her sleeves and

Continued on page 10

The Wizard of Menlo Park

"SEIDLITZ powders will do it, Michael. I'm sure they will. Only you have to take lots of them."

Michael looked doubtful. He knew that seidlitz powders were medicine. But his playmate, a small brown-haired boy, remained firm.

"Gas always makes things float, doesn't it?" he asked. "And seidlitz powders make gas inside of you, so if you drink enough, you'll float. And then you will be able to fly quite easily, really you will."

The boy was so sure that Michael began to be impressed. "It would be fun to fly," he said. "All right. I'll do it."

The powders had to be dissolved in glasses of water and then mixed together. How they fizzed and frothed! Michael stuck to his agreement and drank them all. But afterward he didn't feel a bit like a bubble, ready to float off in space. He felt very, very sick.

His friend was disappointed. He was not discouraged, though, not even when his mother found out what had happened and gave him a good spanking. It was not the first time his experiments had ended in punishment. But his head was so full of ideas that there was always a new scheme he just had to try out, regardless of consequences.

Have you guessed who this brown-haired boy was? His full name was Thomas Alva Edison, though his friends often called him *Al*. And when he grew up he invented the electric light, the phonograph and the moving picture, as well as many other things. If he had lived he would have been ninety-two years old on the eleventh of this February.

Edison's life was full of interesting and amusing experiences. He was different from most little boys. For one thing, he never had to go to school! That doesn't mean he didn't study. He worked hard by himself and his mother taught him at home, but in all his life he had only three months of regular schooling.

Before he was fourteen he persuaded his mother to let him become a train boy. That meant he would ride the trains back and forth from his home town of Port Huron to Detroit, and sell newspapers and fruit to the passengers. At first his mother objected but when he told her of the hours between trains which he would spend in the Detroit Public Library, she decided to let him go.

He needed money to buy materials for his experiments, and he never lost a chance of making a little extra. One day when he was ready to start to work, he heard that news had just come in about a big Civil War battle.

"That will make people want

to buy newspapers," he thought. "At least it will if they realize that the battle has been fought."

But how was he to spread the news? He spoke to the telegraph clerk. "If you would send a message to every station agent along the line, and ask them to put a notice on the bulletin boards that all these men have been killed in the war, I'll give you a free subscription to my paper. I'll get you a magazine subscription, too."

The clerk was willing to do his part, but there still remained a difficulty. The newspaper office required that the papers be paid for before they were taken away, and young Edison had only enough money for the usual number of copies. However, he walked straight to the editor's desk and stated his plan. Then he asked for a thousand papers on credit. He got them. And what was more, he *sold* them.

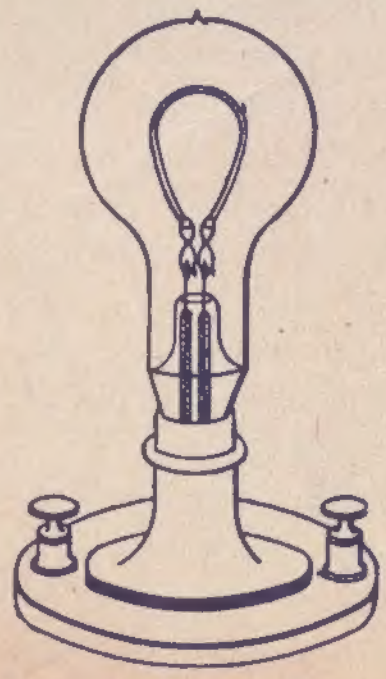
The scheme worked so well that when the train pulled into the first station where "Al" usually sold two copies, he found thirty-five persons waiting to buy a paper. And when he saw that his supply was bound to run out too soon in spite of the extra papers, he raised the price. The last ones he sold for twenty-five cents each.

But buying and selling newspapers couldn't ever satisfy him. Before long in addition to this work, he had started a paper of his own. He was reporter, editor and printer of "The Weekly Herald," and he made and sold several hundred copies. He did the printing in a baggage car where he had also fitted up a small laboratory.

Everything went along beautifully for some time, and then an accident happened. A lurch of the train knocked a stick of burning phosphorous to the floor and nearly set the whole car on fire. An angry conductor helped Edison to put it out. By this time the boy was too big to spank, but the man gave him an even worse punishment. He threw all the laboratory equipment and the printer's type off the train.

Once again "Al" was disappointed, but still he was not discouraged. He moved everything that was not broken to the cellar of his home—and went on experimenting.

At that time the telegraph was a new and wonderful invention and most people knew very little about it. Edison asked questions of everyone he could, but he wanted to find out much more than they were able to tell him.



Edison's first lamp with a filament of bamboo fibre.

As he was walking along the railroad one day, he saw a tiny child playing with the pebbles between the tracks. A few yards away a freight car had been released from its couplings to the rest of the train and was rolling backwards. Edison jumped on the tracks, grabbed the baby, and tumbled with him into the bushes, just as the car clattered over the place where the child had been playing.

The station master, who was the father of the little boy, was most grateful to Edison and wished to do something for him, in return. He was too poor a man to give him anything, but he offered to teach him all he knew about the telegraph, and the boy eagerly accepted.

For the next few years Edison worked as a telegraph clerk in many places. In spite of his cleverness he never kept a job very long because he was always busy with his experiments. Sometimes he was absent-minded about the work he was paid to do.

At one office he was required to report every half hour all night long to prove that he was awake and on the job. He soon rigged

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MICKEY'S GOLD RUSH

Continued from page 7

made a great many cakes for them.

Except that she missed Mickey and worried about him, she really had a nice time. The Indians did not shut her up because they knew that she would never be able to find her way home again. And Minnie knew better than to try, because she would probably get lost and starve to death on those lonely mountain trails.

The chief gave her a pony, and she rode bareback with the chief's daughter over the wild hillsides.

POOR Mickey! He was terribly unhappy. As soon as he came home, he guessed what had happened. His cabin was burned to the ground, and since there was no trace of Minnie, he thought she must have burned, too.

"Oh! Minnie," he groaned. "Why did I ever leave you alone?" And two large tears rolled down his face.

ONE day, after Minnie had lived among the Indians for a short while, she was riding with the chief's daughter when they came upon a cave in the side of a high hill.

"Let's explore," Minnie suggested. And in they went.

It wasn't a very interesting cave, but just as they were leaving, Minnie noticed a bundle of sticks, pushed down between two stones. They were not sticks of wood but dynamite! Minnie knew all about them because Mickey had told her all about the ones he bought to use in his gold hunt. "It's enough to blow out the whole side of the hill!" Minnie exclaimed.

The chief's daughter was not listening. She was looking across the valley watching a group of Indians riding toward them. "My tribe," she told Minnie.

As they drew closer and closer, Minnie counted twenty of them. They rode quietly along the trail without war paint, quite unprepared for battle and the wild war whoop that suddenly arose on all sides of them. Hundreds of an enemy warring tribe sprang from the woods and surrounded the peaceful braves.

"Forty against one," cried Minnie. "It isn't fair."

But immediately she had an idea, and turning to the terrified Indian girl she said: "Go home. I'm going to light the dynamite fuse. The explosion will scare off the enemy."

Running into the cave, Minnie lit the fuse, and then was off on her pony in the flash of a second. As she tore through the woods, she heard a terrible roar like thunder and, looking back, she saw tons of earth and stone roll down into the valley. Of course the Indians scattered in all directions

when they saw the tumbling rocks and earth. Every one was intent on saving his own life.

But Minnie didn't stop. Trees were tumbling all around her and her little pony was so frightened his hoofs hardly touched the ground. She didn't even have to guide him. He galloped straight as an arrow in the direction of the Indian camp.

Late that evening when the twenty braves finally straggled into camp and sat about the fire, they told all about their adventures and asked for cake to comfort them. But there was no cake.

"No cake?" they cried angrily.

"No, no cake," nodded the fat squaws.

Then the chief's daughter told them of the miracle which saved their lives and which was all due to Minnie.

"We will reward you," the chief said solemnly. "You shall have whatever you wish."

And of course, Minnie wanted to go back to Mickey.

The Indians didn't like that

very much, but they wouldn't break their promise, so the very next morning, she said good-bye to her friend, the chief's daughter, and rode off with her escorts.

The Indians left her in sight of the new cabin Mickey had built on the site where the other one was burned. When Minnie rode up and knocked on the door Mickey came out.

"Minnie!" he shouted, thinking he was seeing a ghost.

"Mickey," cried Minnie.

They sat around the fire late that evening and Minnie did all the talking. There never seemed to be an end to all her adventures. But suddenly Mickey remembered he had something to tell too. "Look," he cried, pulling a tiny bag of gold from his pocket. You came back just in time. I've found it—I've struck GOLD!"

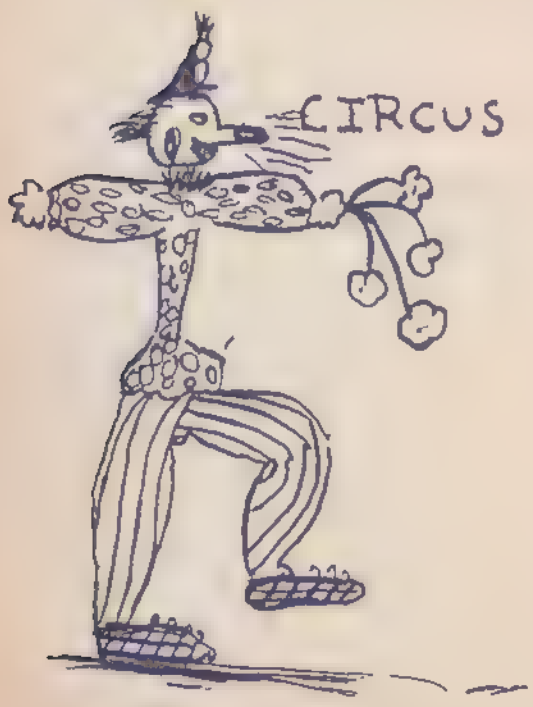
THERE is a country called Holland; another name for it is the Netherlands. In Holland they have dikes to stop the water from flooding the houses and schools.

In the schools the children do not sit in rows like we do. The boys are on one side and the girls are on the other. They have only men teachers.

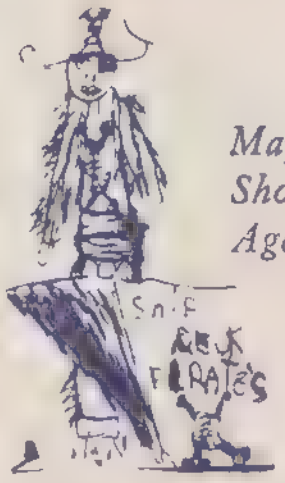
In the winter they have ice and snow. Then they go skating. The Dutch must have steep roofs, or else the water would freeze and form ice.

When the Dutch people go into the house they must take off their shoes.

La Vene Burres
Los Angeles, Calif.
Age 9



Phillis Buck
Bronxville, N. Y.
Age 10



May Farrur
Short Hills, N. J.
Age 9

OH, A pirate's life is gay and free,
A pirate's life is the life for me.
Luff boys, luff and luff,
For the wind is high and the sea is rough,
There's a school of porpoises off our bow,
And the waves rise to meet our prow.
Our ship by name the Lady Jane,
Her fame has spread o'er the Spanish Maine.
Oh, the slap of the cutlass against your knee,
The wind in your face with the spray of the sea.
There's not another feeling so grand,
That ever ran through any man.
From our mast head the Jolly Roger flies,
And the blue of the sea is like that of the sky.
Oh, storm along my bullies,
Where the waves roll high and free,
Old Davie Jones can have his bones,
But I shall have the sea.

Veronica White
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

I went up in a swing,
Fell, and landed Bing!
Mother came to see what was wrong,
Fixed up my cuts, and sang me a song.

Phyllis M. Rausch
Grantwood, New Jersey
Age 8

Joan Kampmeyer
Oaklyn, N. J.
Age 7

This is YOUR PAGE, aren't you proud of it this month? We are always interested in printing verses, stories, plays, little accounts of something you have done, or something that has happened to you—and of course drawings—and please make them in black ink on plain white paper. Everything you send must be original and your name, address, and age must be plainly written at the bottom of the page. Please don't forget to do this, because we want to know who our contributors are.

THE SUN

By Dorothy Bennett, Assistant Curator, Hayden Planetarium

THE SUN is our nearest star—a great sphere (864,000 miles wide) of burning gas that is 93 million miles away. From it the earth and all the planets receive light and heat.

No one knows exactly how the sun makes this heat. It is certainly due to some change that takes place in the inside of the star, but exactly what that change is no one yet knows.

We do know however, what the sun is made of. It has many of the same elements that exist on the earth. On the sun, iron, calcium, helium and many other things of which the earth is made, are hot gases. They can be recognized with a special instrument called a spectrohelioscope.

The surface of the sun is not hard like the earth's but billowy clouds of gas. Most of the surface is thought to be about 6,000 deg. above zero. There are places that are cooler than the rest—the sun spots. Even these whirlpools of gases are thought to be 2,000 deg. above zero, but they look dark in comparison with the hotter gases. Sometimes there are many spots. In 1938 there were some days when one could see many dozens of these dark patches. Some of these were two or three thousand miles across. Some were even 100,000 miles wide. In fact, there were more spots in 1938 than there have been for eleven years. In 1949 there will probably be another very great year for sun spots. They seem to follow a regular schedule that is now called the eleven year sun spot cycle.

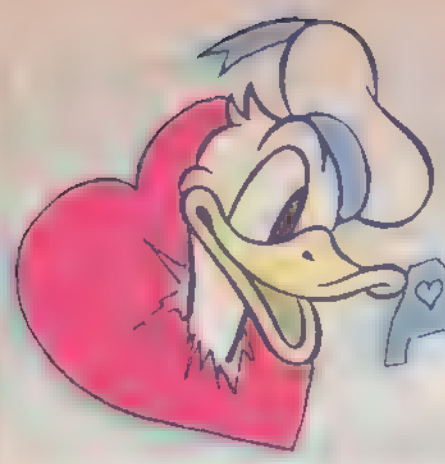
THE SUN SPOTS

THE SUN'S CORONA DURING AN ECLIPSE

Just as the sun's heat can travel a tremendous distance to the earth, so can certain effects from the sun spots reach our planet. The spots are related to the northern lights or auroras. They also seem to affect radio, telephone and even compasses.

Although we can see the spots with field glasses or even the unaided eye we cannot see the flames that rise above them without a telescope. When the sun is eclipsed by the moon it is easy to see the rose-red prominences (as these flames are called). However, it takes that special spectrohelioscope to see the prominences when there is no eclipse.

Something else that can be seen *only* at times of eclipse is the upper atmosphere of the sun. This is made of thin gases that extend more than a million miles above what we usually see of the sun. It is called the corona and is one of the most beautiful sights I know. It is pearly green, very thin, sometimes shaped like a star, sometimes like a foggy ring around the sun. The corona is what astronomers go half-way around the world to see when there is an eclipse.



A VALENTINE FROLIC

"VALENTINE'S Day!" cried Mickey.

"Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy, let's have a party," quacked Donald.

"A fancy dress party," Mickey agreed.

"I'll be the Jack of Hearts," Donald announced with a strut.

"Invitations come first. Come on. Get busy!" said Mickey. "We shall make a poem. What rhymes with heart?"

"Shirt," said Donald promptly.

"What a help you are!" cried Mickey. And then he read aloud:

A frolic of hearts
Is bound to be hearty,
So come to my house,
I'm having a party,
St. Valentine's Day
At quarter to four,
In a costume that's gay,
Please knock at my door!

Mickey Mouse

"We'll cut out some big red hearts and write the invitation on them. I'll do the cutting. You do the printing," said Mickey.

"O.K.," agreed Donald, so sweetly that Mickey gave him a suspicious look.

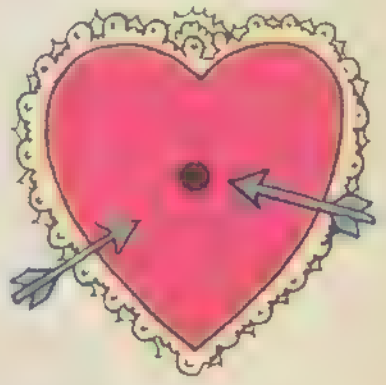
HALF the people in Disneyville came to Mickey's party. When they were all there, Mickey stood on a chair and made a speech.

"Hello, Folks," he began. "Happy Valentine's Day! And since it is Valentine's Day, our first game is going to be sticking the arrow on the heart. Donald will give you each a paper arrow with a number on it and a pin through the number. Now line up. Everybody line up there!"

The game was something like pining the tail on the donkey. At one end of the room a large red heart was fastened on the wall. It had a little black mark in the center. "Whoever pins his arrow nearest to the middle of the heart wins," cried Mickey.

He blindfolded Goofy and turned him around three times. Then he faced him toward the heart. "There you go," he said giving him a push.

But the Goof turned half around again and pinned his arrow in the window curtain. Everybody laughed.



Minnie won the game. She was just an inch or two from the center of the heart and everyone clapped.

"Now make a big circle and sit on the floor," Mickey cried. "This is a much harder game." He gave every one a sheet of red paper. "Hold the paper behind your back and tear a heart or an arrow or a cupid out of it."

"Without looking?" asked Goofy.

"Of course," Mickey said. "It's easy."

But it wasn't. Even though everybody chose to tear out a heart because that seemed the simplest. When they were finished, Mickey told them to lay what they had made on the floor. Some of them were dreadful. You

couldn't guess what they were supposed to be. But one or two were quite good.

Donald's heart was the worst of all. "Let's play some tricks," he said, disgusted. "Come on, Mickey. Let's do our mind reading stunt."

"O.K." cried Mickey. "You go in the other room, Donald."

As soon as Donald went out, Mickey told the others what to do. "Choose anything in this room, and when Donald comes back, he will tell you what it is."

"We'll take the table in the corner," someone whispered.

"Ready, Donald," called Mickey. And when Donald came in he asked: "Is it the rug?"

"No," quacked Donald promptly.

"Is it the picture?"

"No."

"Is it the little black elephant on the table?"

"No."

"Is it the table in the corner?"

"That's it," cried Donald delighted with himself.

"How did you guess?" asked Minnie. "You're wonderful, Donald. Do it again."

"I bet you told him the fourth question would be the right one," muttered Goofy.

"Nope," said Mickey. "Go out, Donald. Now, gang, what shall it be this time?"

"Something hard," suggested Minnie. "A button on my dress."

"The third button," said Goofy, "counting from the top."

"O.K." cried Mickey, and he called Donald back again.

"Is it the white window shade?" he asked.

"No."

"Is it a button on Minnie's dress?"

"Yes."

"The third button from the top?"

"Sure."

"Goodness," Minnie cried. "It's like magic. Do it once more."

This time they chose the door knob.

"Is it the bunch of flowers?" asked Mickey.

"No."

"Is it the chair leg?"

"No."

"Is it a book?"

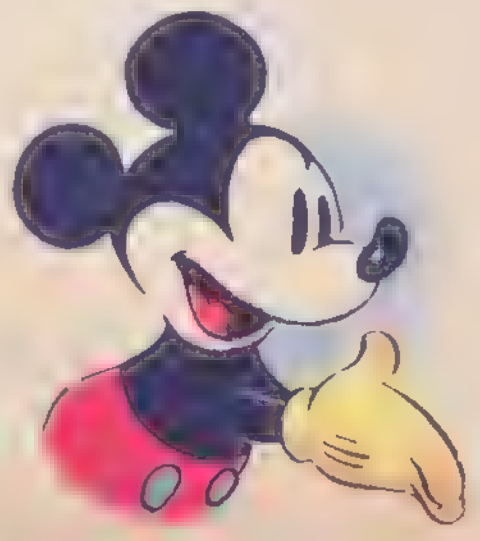
"No."

"Is it the red cushion?"

"Oh my, no!"

"Is it the door knob?"

"Right," cried Donald. "That's what it is."



"Tell us the trick," said Goofy.

"It's simple," Mickey explained "When I tell him a color, he knows the next question will be the right one. I ask about a green chair or a red cushion. And then I always ask about the thing you have chosen."

"You're smart," said Minnie.

And Mickey smiled.

"What about me?" asked Donald.

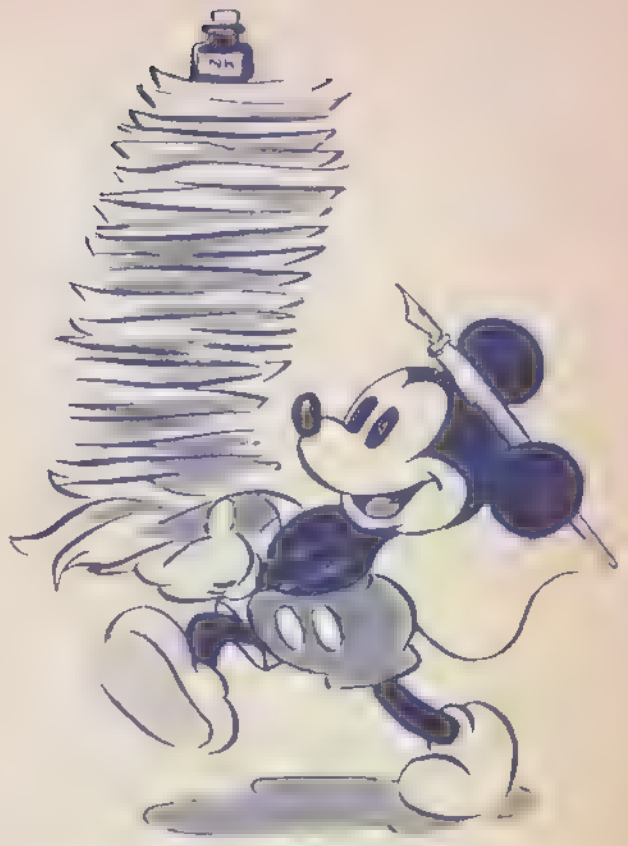
"You're smart, too," Minnie added generously.

"Let's see how smart Minnie is," cried Goofy. "I know a game. It's called the Queen of Hearts. We need a crown and a stick. What do they call the queen's stick?"

"A sceptre," said Mickey. He took a strip of brown wrapping paper and pasted a heart in the middle of it. Then he pinned the two ends together so that it was just big enough to go on

Continued on page 21

LETTERS to the EDITOR



Dear Mickey:

I think I like Minnie as much as you do. I am glad you captured Pancho Malarky in the November issue. Tell Walt Disney hello for me. I like the comics best so sometimes I read the back first. Put Toby Tortoise on the cover. I have a turtle that looks like him. Ask Donald Duck if he is glad his nephews have gone home. I must be closing now, so goodbye.

Bill Aber
Oakmont, Pa.
Age 9

Dear Mickey Mouse:

Every day and every week I always read your Mickey Mouse Magazine. Clarabelle is so funny, and I love Mickey Mouse and Minnie.

Tan Teck Siew
Singapore, Malay States
Age 7

Hi-ya, Mickey:

I like your Magazine very much. Donald is very funny; tell him he should teach his nephews to be good. I like "Peter the Farm Detective" and many others. "Topsy-Turvy Circus" is very exciting. I am going to follow it every month. I like the "Brave Little Tailor" too. Tell Snow White her picture was very good. Tell her I saw it four times. I am going to see it again. Tell Minnie she is the nicest girl I've seen and you're the best boy. You're very talented, Mickey, and I see you in picture shows.

Dianna M. Nalick
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Mickey:

I am happy because I have just received your Magazine and my Auntie Win has just made me a present of a two years' subscription, and I am very happy to get the Magazine today. I must close now with best wishes.

Roger Webb
New York City
Age 8

Dear Mickey Mouse:

I have a pet rooster named "Deedy." He has won two prizes, a box of candy at the pet show and a dollar-fifty at the Fair.

I love your Magazine and I was the first one in town to get it. I won a Mickey Mouse watch, selling it to my friends.

I am five years old, so my mother is writing this for me, but I can write my own name.

Tommy Ingram
Ronceverte, W. Va.
Age 5

Dear Mickey:

How are you? I'm fine. I just got finished reading your Magazine. I like it very much. Most of all the story of "Steeple of the Desert," because I love animals. I just moved away from my best friend, Mussolini. He is a dog.

Ruth Price
Ancon, Canal Zone

Dear Mickey:

I like your Magazine very much. "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" was a nice story. I also saw the picture. Dopey was cute. I am in the fourth grade. I go to Federal school. I like the crossword puzzle, too. I notice most of you are from the U. S. A., but I am a little Canadian girl. In summer we have lots of lakes to swim and fish in. In winter we have lots of snow for skiing and sleighing.

Mildred Taylor
Bresaylor, Sask., Canada
Age 10

Dear Mickey:

I have a cold. The doctor said I might have to stay in bed until Christmas. I like your Magazine very much. I liked the story of the "Brave Little Tailor." I think I will buy your Magazine until I am eighteen. I hope you feel good and good luck.

Billy Shaw
Leaside, Ont.
Age 7

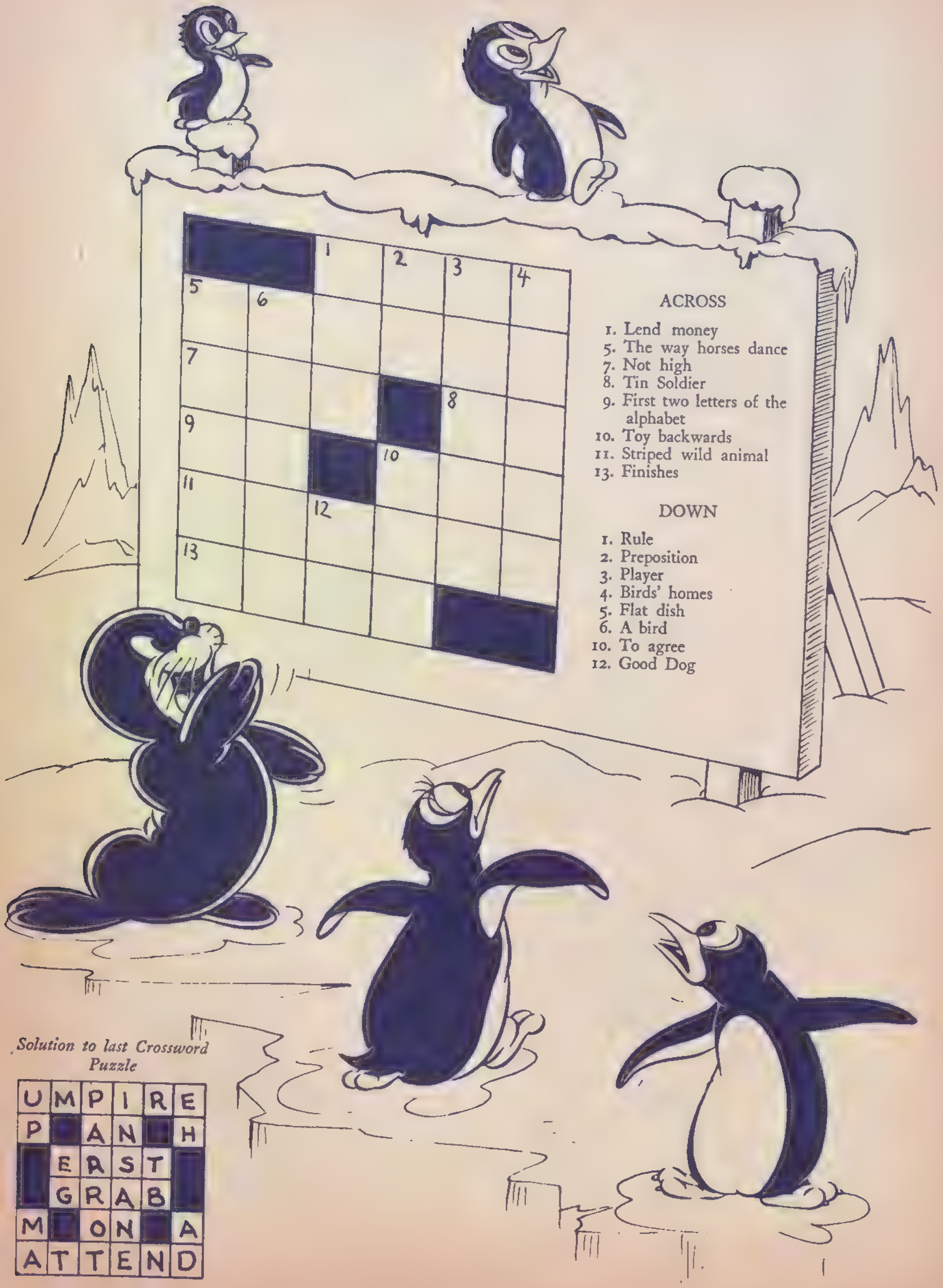
Hello, Everybody!

Please be my Valentine. I love you all. And I love your letters too.

Your pal,

Mickey

P.S.—My address is: Editor, Mickey Mouse Magazine, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York City.



ACROSS

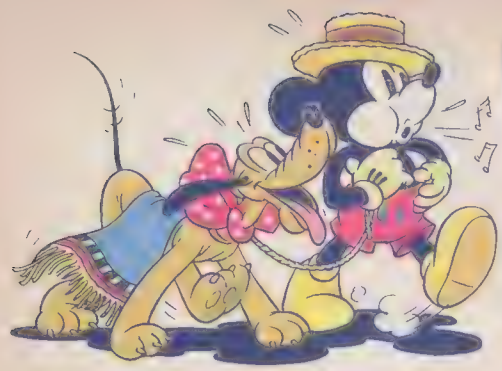
1. Lend money
5. The way horses dance
7. Not high
8. Tin Soldier
9. First two letters of the alphabet
10. Toy backwards
11. Striped wild animal
13. Finishes

DOWN

1. Rule
2. Preposition
3. Player
4. Birds' homes
5. Flat dish
6. A bird
10. To agree
12. Good Dog

Solution to last Crossword Puzzle

U	M	P	I	R	E
P	■	A	N	■	H
■	E	R	S	T	■
■	G	R	A	B	■
M	■	O	N	■	A
A	T	T	E	N	D

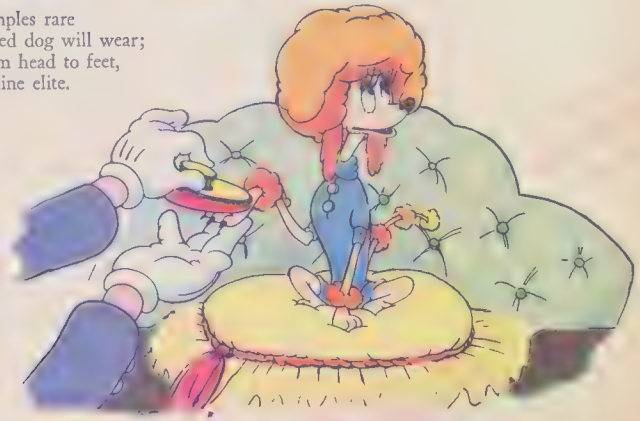


PUPPY LOVE

from Walt Disney's New Picture

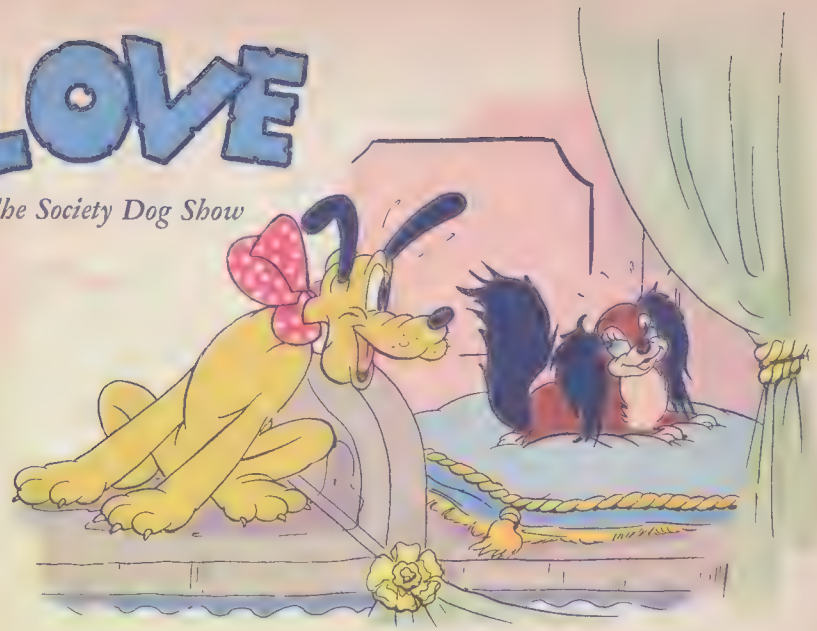
THE dog show will be held tonight
And Pluto's going socialite—
He dons the very latest togs
To mingle with the "fawncy" dogs!

And here he sees examples rare
Of what the well-dressed dog will wear;
Correctly groomed from head to feet,
They're quite the genuine elite.



The one who captures Pluto's glance
Belongs among the debutantes;
She's Lady Fifi, if you please—
The purest of the Pekinese.

The Society Dog Show



She uses all her dog-appeal
Till Pluto's brain begins to reel.
(Miss Fifi doesn't know, you see,
That Pluto has no pedigree).

Were Pluto wise, he'd just forget
These ladies of the social set—
His truest friendships will be found
In dogs whose feet are on the ground.

And Pluto will be so forlorn
When Fifi learns where he was born
She'll turn away and leave him flat
For Pluto's not a *plutocrat!*

THE WIZARD OF MENLO PARK

Continued from page 9

up a mechanical device to do the reporting for him. At first all went well, and then the manager began to wonder. How was it that messages remained unanswered for quite a long time even though the clerk had reported that he was on duty? The manager investigated, and that was the end of *that* invention.

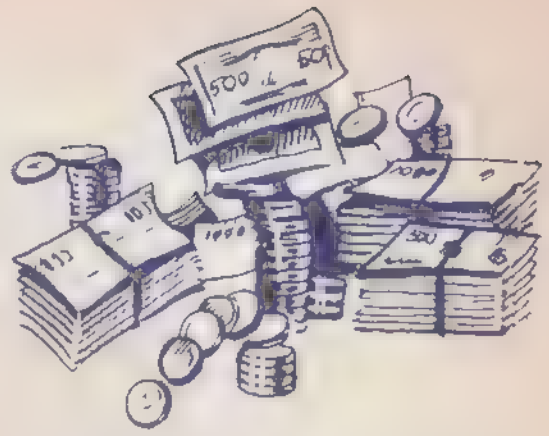
When Edison was twenty he worked for a telegraph company in New York and at last he was really encouraged to continue his experiments. He made several inventions and one day, General Lefferts called him into his office and asked to buy them.

Young "Al" had very little knowledge of money. He wondered whether the General would be annoyed if he asked for as much as $5,000. Finally he said: "Suppose you make me an offer and I will consider it."

The answer almost made Edison faint, for the General offered him $40,000.

A few days later the contract was drawn up and signed, and Edison received his first check. He took it straight to the bank and tried to cash it.

At this time he was quite deaf, and could not understand what the bank teller said to him. But he realized that for some reason or other the check could not be cashed. Perhaps he had been cheated. He hurried back to the office where the General explained to him that before you can cash a check you have to endorse it.



Once again he returned to the bank, accompanied by the General's secretary. As a practical joke the teller paid him the $40,000 in small bills. Edison stuffed all his pockets with them, and went home, but he was so worried about being robbed that he never slept all night long. In the morning he went back to see the General and asked him what to do, and at his suggestion he opened a bank account of his own.

The possession of so much money gave him the freedom to work for himself. So he went to New Jersey and started his own business. The story of his many inventions is too long to tell you, but he had lots of amusing experiences.

When his mind was occupied with an idea, Edison could not be bothered with everyday matters. And it happened one year when his taxes became due, that he was thinking of a way to send messages back and forth at the same time over the same telegraph wire. He never had enough time for his work anyway, so how could he possibly waste it by paying taxes? He forgot all about them.

But the United States Government does not allow taxes to be forgotten long. Edison soon received a notice that he was to appear and pay what he owed with interest. He arrived at the place but his mind was still occupied with his work and when the line moved up until he reached the official's desk, he hardly knew what was going on.

"Well, young man," came the

MAKE ENDS MEET!

Extra cash will banish the worried frown that comes with the first of each month when the bills arrive. Do what many are doing to solve money troubles.

EARN MONEY AT HOME THIS PLEASANT WAY

Become a subscription representative for Mickey Mouse Magazine and your spare time can be made to earn cash to pay those worrysome bills and to provide all sorts of longed for extras. It is easy to start and you can begin to earn immediately. Your neighbors and friends you see daily or a few telephone calls will start you in a business of your own that requires no capital. Everyone who loves a child is a good prospect for a sale of subscription to the Mickey Mouse Magazine which "Makes a Child Happy an Entire Year for $1.00." This coupon will bring you full information—obey that impulse, mail it today.

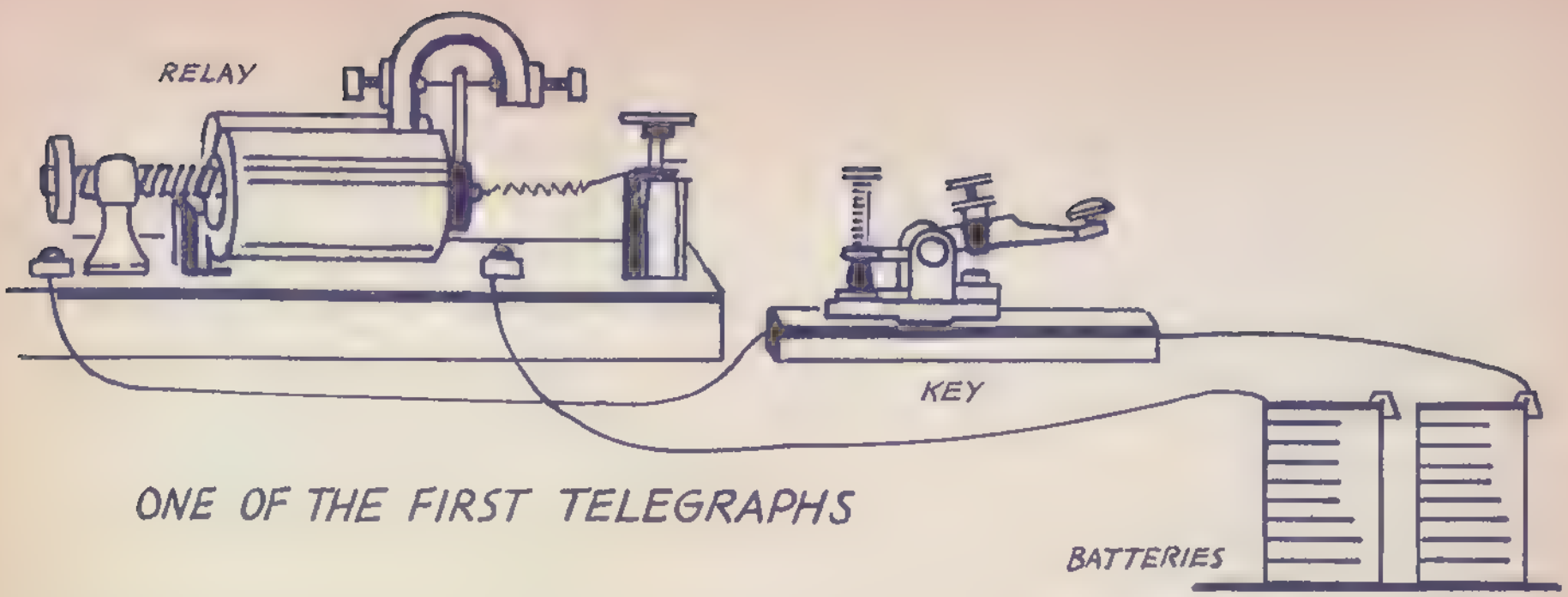
MICKEY MOUSE MAGAZINE, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, without obligation, complete information concerning particulars for earning money at home.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....



ONE OF THE FIRST TELEGRAPHS

question. "What is your name?"

Edison stared blankly across the desk for a moment and replied: "I don't know."

And before he had time to collect his wits, the man behind him had moved up and taken his place, and he had to go back to the end of the line again. But the next time his turn came, he was more alert.

It was this wonderful ability to concentrate on one thing and to work on it tirelessly without taking more than the barest amount of time off for eating and sleeping, that made Edison such a great man. Many people laughed at his ideas and said they were impossible, but as time went on they stopped laughing. Here was a man who did impossible things. So they called him the Wizard of Menlo Park.

A VALENTINE FROLIC

Continued from page 15

Minnie's head. Donald found a stick for a sceptre.

"Now the Queen gets blindfolded and sits in the middle," Goofy began. "And we all join hands and go round and round in a circle until she pounds with her stick for us to stop. Then she points the stick at someone, and the person has to go and kneel before her.

"The Queen says: 'Are you my faithful subject?'

"And the person kneeling says in a funny voice: 'Yes, Your Majesty.'

"Then the Queen guesses whose voice it is. If she is right, that person takes the crown and becomes Queen. But if she is wrong, we go round and round and she tries again."

"That's a good game," cried Donald. "No one could guess MY voice."

And they played and played until it was time for supper.

Mickey had planned everything red and white to eat because those are valentine colors. There were sandwiches with thin slices of tomato in them. And there were heart-shaped sandwiches with currant jelly in them. There was hot tomato soup with a little lump of whipped cream sitting on the top of each bowl. But best of all was the dessert—vanilla ice cream with strawberry sauce.

"Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy," said Donald.

And everyone agreed that it was a grand party. When supper was over they sat around the fire roasting chestnuts and toasting marshmallows until it was time to go home. And as they waved good-bye to Mickey from the gate, they all sang *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow*. The valentine frolic was over until another year.

PETER THE FARM DETECTIVE

"I'M A natural-born orphan and I ain't got no name excepting Abraham Lincoln Lincoln," the little colored boy told Peter.

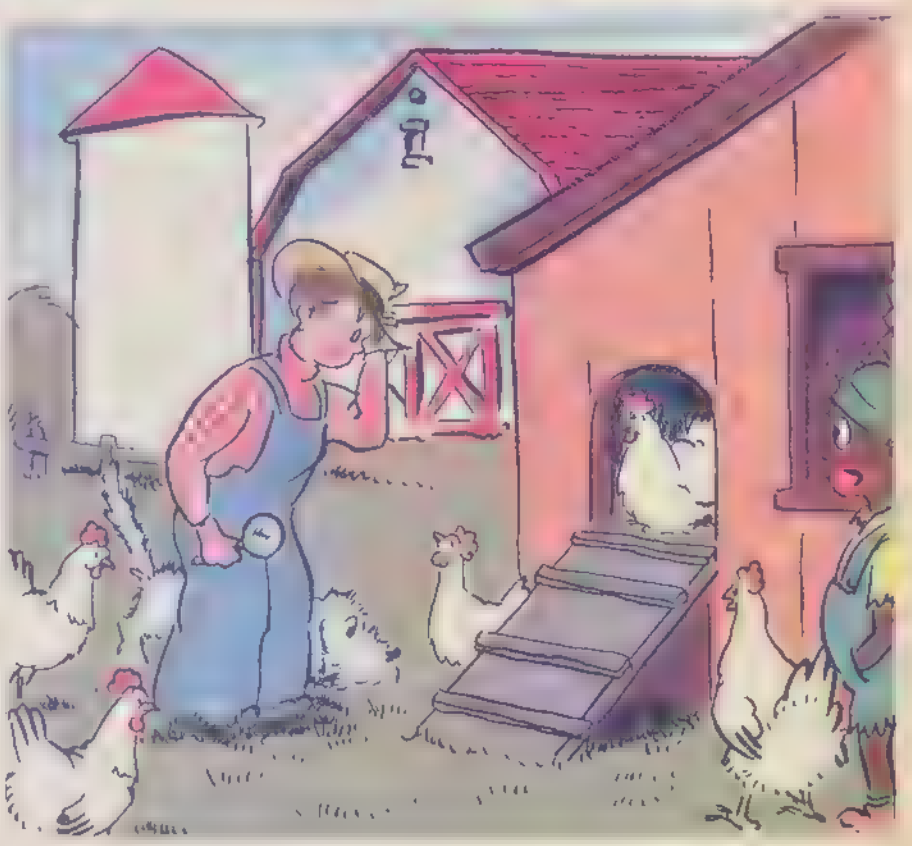
"Well, that's a swell name," laughed Peter, who was feeling quite cheered up to find his little hippopotamus again.

"How would you like to come along with Nosey and me and we'll ask mother to let you stay on the farm. You might take care of this little hippo and see that he doesn't run away again."

"Lawsy me!" cried black Abe. "Does you all speak the truth for sure?"

It wasn't long before Abraham Lincoln Lincoln was just as much a part of the family as Nosey. He was so good-natured everybody liked him.

"I can't imagine what is happening to those eggs," said Peter's mother one day. "The hens are laying all right, I know—but there's never an egg to be found!"

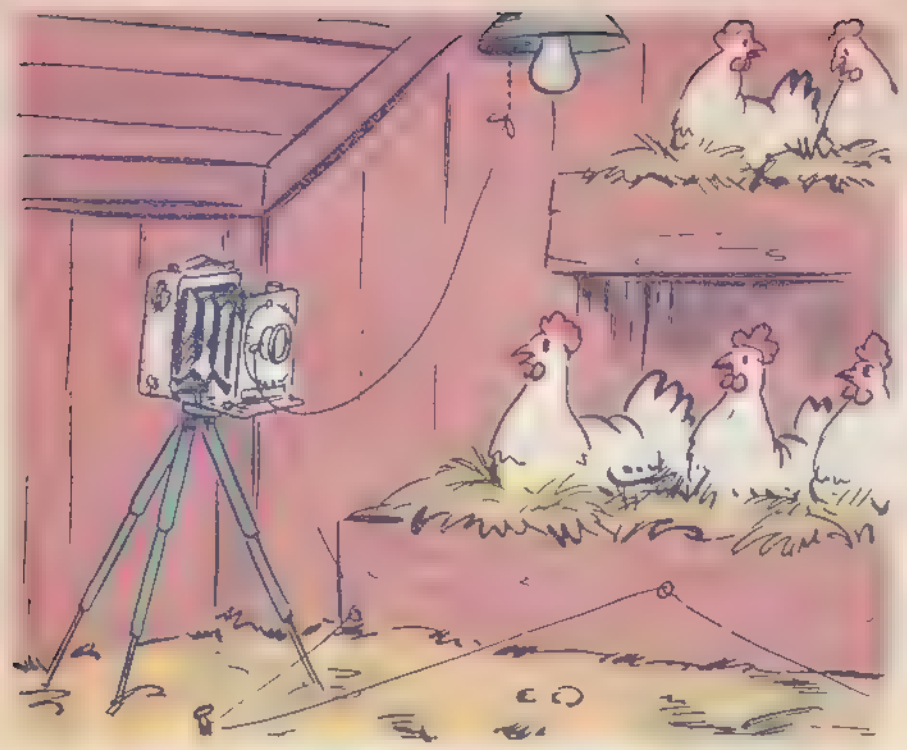


"Don't you worry, mother," said Peter. "You know this is right in my line." And off he went with Nosey and Abe to investigate.

Peter hauled his magnifying glass from his pocket and looked over the henhouse inside and out while Nosey sniffed the ground and Abe just stood with his mouth wide open.

"I ain't never seed anybody go ahuntin' for eggs with a spy glass. Um-mmm, dat's sompin'," said Abe, scratching his head.

But Peter didn't even hear him. He had an idea and ran to the house to get his father's camera and special flash-



light bulbs. He rigged it all up inside the henhouse and Abe was all eyes trying to figure out what on earth Peter was doing. Nosey looked a little baffled himself. But the hens were even more curious to understand what it was all about.

That night when everything was quiet a shadow moved slowly across the henhouse in the light of the moon.

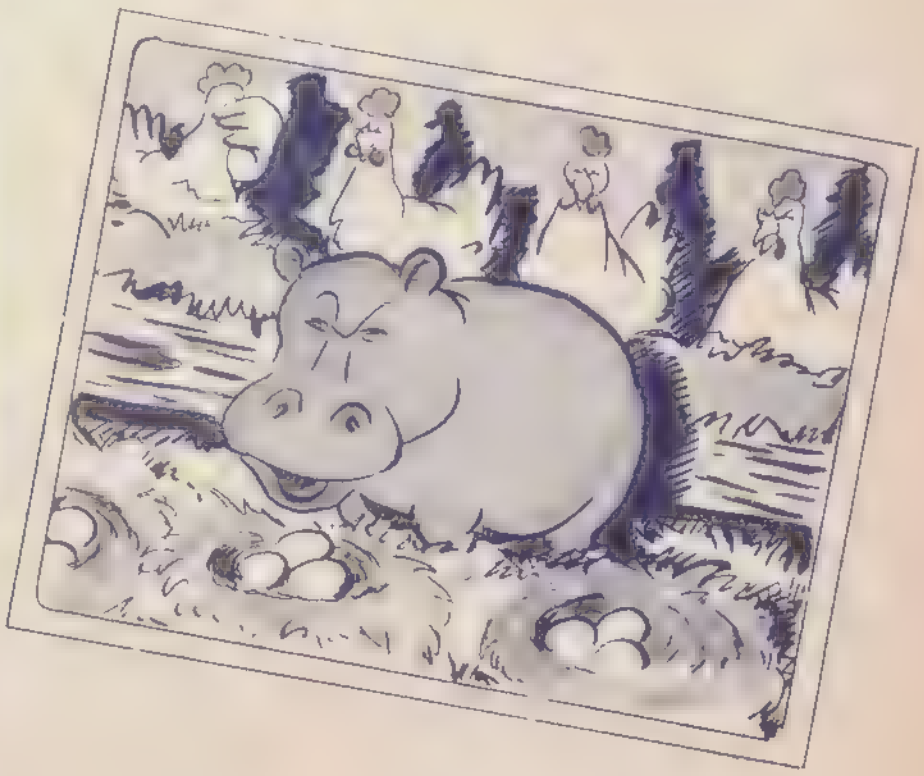
And suddenly there was a blinding flash and a terrible din of cackling hens. They thought it was suddenly morning.

The sun was hardly up before Peter pulled on his clothes and rushed out to the henhouse. Abe was right along behind him. Peter took one look at the camera and danced up and down. "It worked! I've got him all right this time!" he shouted.

"Is you just gone plum crazy, Mister Peter?" asked Abe.

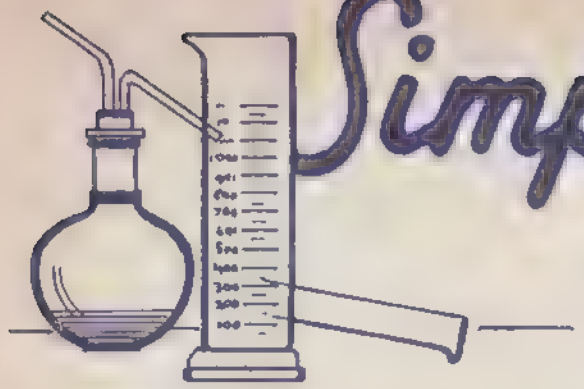
In a little while Peter came out of the dark room with the picture he had developed from the film in the camera.

"Well, of all things just take a look at that!" he exclaimed, handing the picture to Abe.

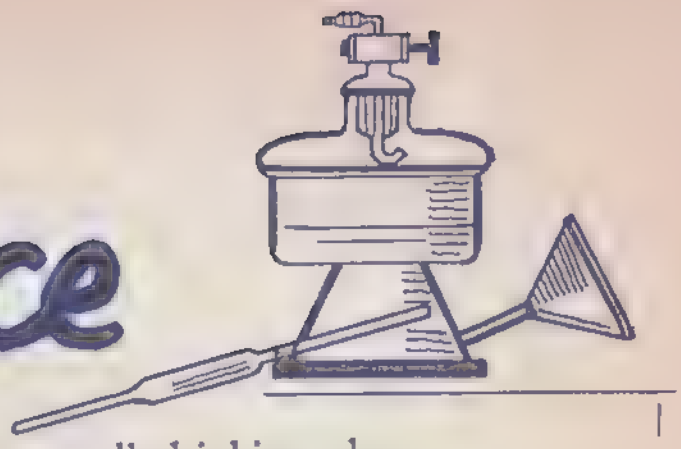


"Well, bless my soul!" cried Abe suddenly waking up. "So dats where dat rascal got dem eggshells I done had to clean out his pen every morning."

"From now on your name shall be Watson!" Peter said very solemnly laying his hat on the back of his head.



Simple Science



HAVE you ever tried to work out an experiment? A few of them are easy to do and ever so much fun, especially on one of those winter days when a bad storm or a sniffley nose keeps you indoors.

You don't need a lot of equipment for them either. Almost everything you will want can be found in your own kitchen. A layer cake pan, a penny and a small pitcher of water are all that the first experiment requires, and any shallow tin may be substituted for the cake pan.

Place the penny in the middle of the pan and set the pan on a flat stand or table. Then kneel beside the table so that your eyes are on a level with the rim of the pan. You cannot see the penny, but if you raised your head the least bit higher, you could.

This experiment might be called—*Seeing Round the Bend,* because without changing your position, you are going to find that the penny is in full view. It sounds like a trick, doesn't it?

All you have to do is to pour water slowly into the pan, and the first thing you know you will be looking at the penny. Try it, it's fun.

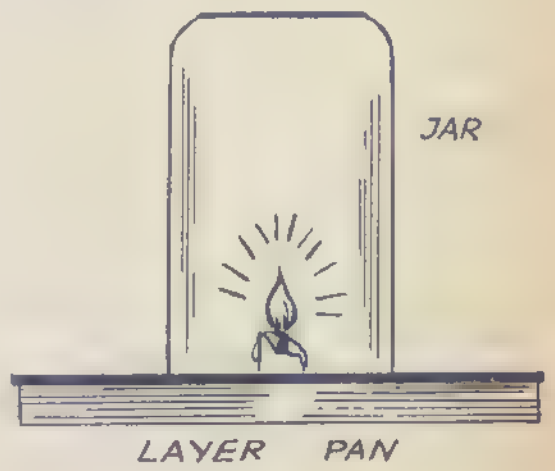
And in case you ask why, the answer is a hard word called *refraction.* If you have ever poked a stick into a pond, you may have noticed that although it was a perfectly straight stick, it appeared to be bent at the point where it entered the water.

That is because the light waves are bent or refracted by the water, and anything below the surface seems to be in a slightly different position. The bent light waves make it possible for you to see the penny, because it appears to be higher up in the pan than it really is.

NOW perhaps you would like to try a harder experiment —making water go uphill. "Oh, but it doesn't," you say. Well, not exactly. Still you can make it rise in a glass, and not by dropping pebbles in it either.

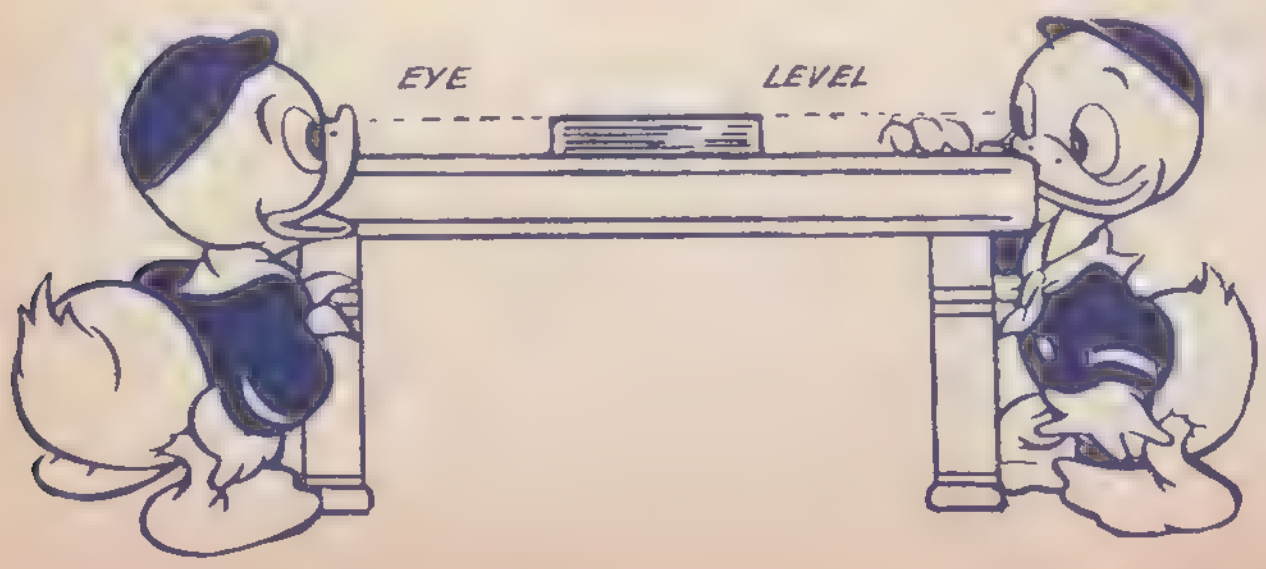
This time you will want your layer cake tin again, or any other flat pan with a rim at least an inch high. You will also need a stub of candle about two inches high, and a glass jar or an extra tall drinking glass.

Light the candle and make it stand up firmly by dripping a little hot wax in the center of the pan, and then pressing the base of the candle into it. Then pour some water into the pan. If you are still using the layer cake tin, you will want it nearly full of water, but if your pan is deeper, do not pour in too much because the candle has to go on burning.



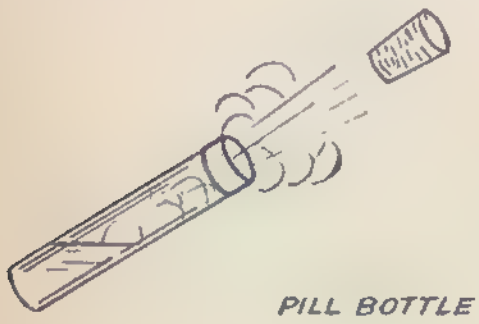
Next, take your glass or jar and turn it upside down over the candle. In a minute or two the flame will have used up the oxygen under the glass, so it will be smothered and go out.

At the same time, the water will slowly rise under the glass, to fill the space left by the oxygen. Then you will be able to see that the water under the glass is higher than the water in the pan. The taller the glass is, the higher the water will rise.



IF YOU like to hear things go pop, the next two experiments should interest you. Find a tiny pill bottle with a cork that fits properly. Put in it about one-half teaspoonful of baking soda, and don't get it mixed up with baking *powder* or nothing will happen.

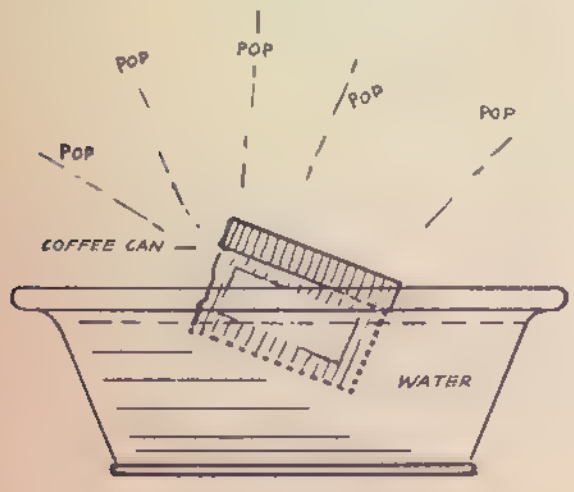
Add a little bit of water and stick the cork into the mouth of the bottle. The soda and water will make a gas called carbon dioxide, and in a very short time this gas will blow the cork out of the bottle.



PILL BOTTLE

For the other experiment you will need a good-sized can, such as a coffee can with a top that either screws on or fits tightly. Before you set to work, or to play, with it, fill a bucket or dishpan with very cold water. Then put about a cupful of boiling water into the coffee can and fasten on the lid. The trick in this case is not to burn your fingers.

Set the can on the stove so that the water goes on boiling. Then pick it up with a thick cloth, and drop the whole thing into the tub of cold water. There will be a nice pop, not too loud, and you will find a dent in the side of your can.



You see the boiling water filled the can with steam, and then the cold water tried to condense the steam, or turn it back into water again. Since the can was air-tight, and since the water did not take up as much space as the steam, the poor can just had to crumple up.

YOU probably know the trick of shuffling your feet across the carpet on a cold day and touching the doorknob to make a spark jump out. Or perhaps you like to touch another person and make him do the jumping.

The same sort of stunt may be tried on your cat as he lies by the fire on a cold evening. In warm weather the air is generally too damp for experiments with static electricity.

In a very friendly manner, stroke the back of your cat lightly again and again. After a little while her hair will begin to crackle with electricity. It will also rise toward your hand.

While you are still stroking the cat with your right hand, bring your left one around in front of pussy's face, and quickly touch her nose with one of your knuckles. If she is the right kind of cat, a spark will pop out just as well as it does from the doorknob.

However, the trouble with this experiment is that it is likely to irritate mistress puss, so don't try it more than once. The first time she will be far more surprised than annoyed.

It is possible to electrify paper, glass and hard rubber quite easily on a clear cold day. Take a sheet of paper, the stiffer the better, and warm it by the fire to be sure that it is quite dry. Then lay it on the table near you.

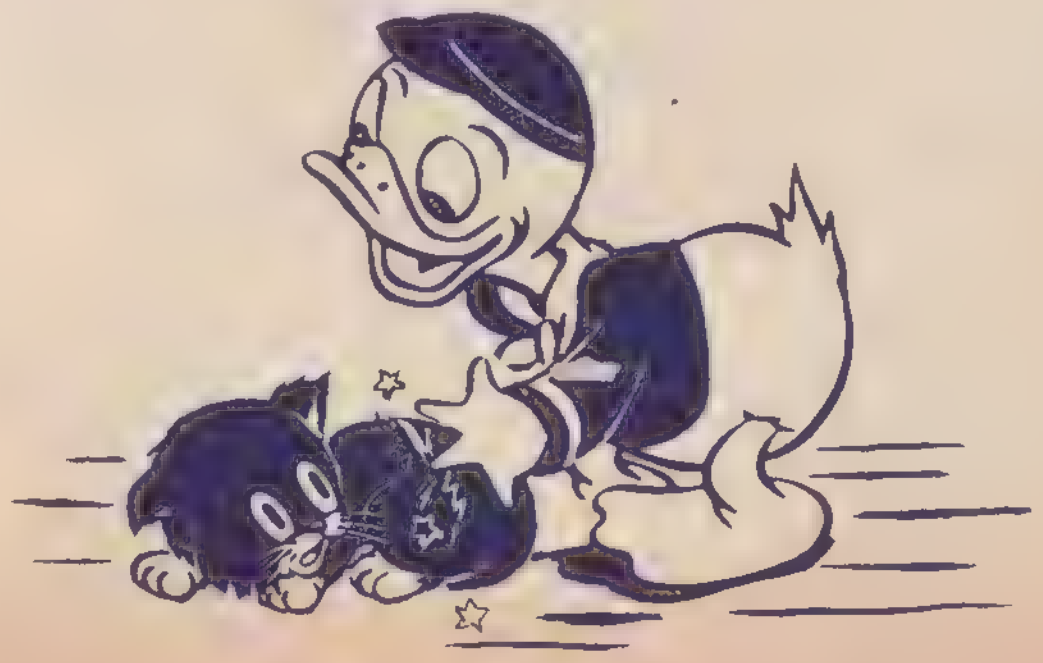
You will be able to pick it up again without any trouble. But if you hold it against the table and rub it all over briskly either with your hand or with a piece of flannel, the paper will try to cling to the table. If you pick it up and hold it against your face, you will be able to feel the electricity in it.

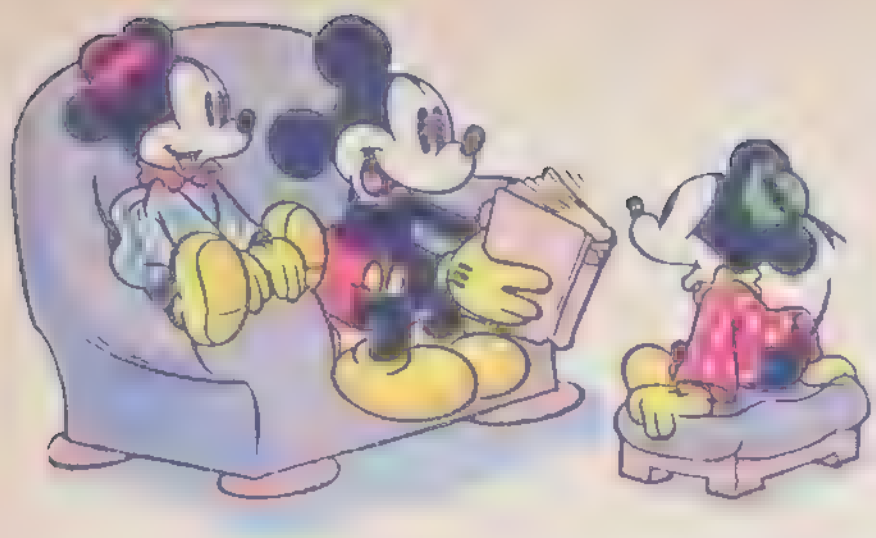
One of your friends or a brother or sister, may help you to get still another spark. When you have warmed the paper as before, put it on the table and rubbed it with flannel or some other woolen material, put a quarter in the center of it.

Then lift the paper by two corners, and as the coin slips across the sheet, tell your friend to touch it quickly. In all these experiments the lightest touch is best. Pull your finger away as quickly as possible.

And now while you have the piece of wool or flannel, try one more rubbing experiment. Have you a glass rod? That is usually harder to find than the other things. (Almost any fountain pen will work just as well). If you have one, rub it well, and then hold it close to some scraps of paper. They will cling to it as if it were a magnet and they were bits of steel.

Don't you think that simple science is fun?





Book

THE LONELY LITTLE PIG AND OTHER ANIMAL TALES

Selected by Wilhelmina Harper

David McKay Company . . $2.00

Here they come! Granny's Blackie, a strong elephant who earned pieces of silver for his mistress. Mother-Goat who fooled the wolf. Chick, Chick, Half-chick hopping on his one foot and flapping his one wing. Little Dog and Big Dog who are friends. Ginger and Sandy, who spit and fight. The Skin Horse and the Velveteen Rabbit who are "real" animals, too.

Here they come—running and dancing, laughing and chattering—to keep you merry all the year round. And here's a secret, too. The lonely little pig is not lonely anymore—not since he was put in *this* book.

A bookful of stories with lots of gay pictures, some in color and some in black and white, by Vera Neville.

GLOOMY, THE CAMEL

by Grace Paull

The Viking Press . . $1.50

Now that we come to think of it, almost all the camels we've ever seen were looking sad and woebegone. But we just didn't have the gumption to do anything about it, or maybe we lacked Janey's imagination. At any rate it was a lucky day for Gloomy when Janey and her mother spotted him and began to wonder.

In spite of the title the story is as light and gay as Grace Paull's very amusing drawings. It makes a large colorful picture book of the type no child can ever have enough of . . . the more ragged it gets the more precious it becomes.

Reviews

NINO

by Valenti Angelo

The Viking Press.....$2.00

"Amid the tall green stalks of corn small Nino lay asleep in a basket. The morning sun threw dappled shadows across his face, and dragon-flies poised above his head on whirring wings." Thus begins the story of the childhood of Nino who, with his mother, lived in the house of his grandfather because his father had gone to America.

It goes upward through later years, his early schooling, the discovery of his talent for modeling by Jacobo, the wood-carver who found him making a duck of mud at the edge of the stream, and finally the letter that came from his father with enough money for passage to America.

Older boys and girls will appreciate this story, with its procession of distinguished illustrations and because the characters are so alive and warm and human they will seem like real friends whom we will all look forward to meeting again in the sequel Mr. Angelo is now preparing.

SHARP EARS

by John Beaty

J. B. Lippincott Co.....$2.00

It does seem that we have a very choice list of books this month—and nothing could please us better. Boys and girls love good books, and especially a good story, as much as grown-ups, and that's what we would call this one about a baby whale.

It's a good story to begin with and there's a heap of information running through it that makes it definitely worth while. There are extraordinary descriptions of life going on underneath the ocean and the plants growing on the bottom of the sea. Helen Carter's maps and beautiful illustrations help us follow Sharp Ears in his travels around the world through all the oceans.

Parents and teachers and children everywhere will be happy to add "Sharp Ears" to their library.

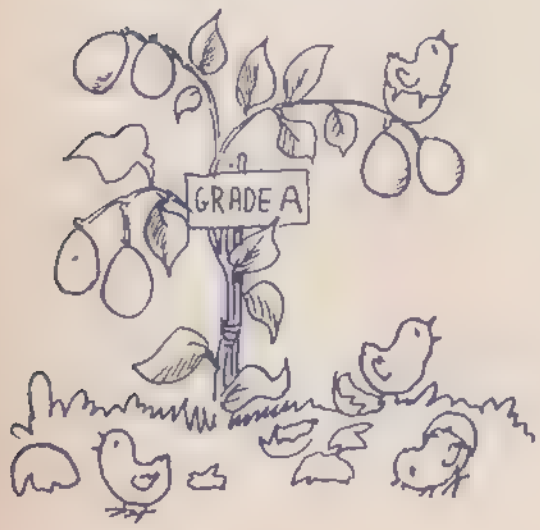
Wise

Bill: Once I was surrounded by 20 lions, 15 tigers and 25 panthers.

Jim: What did you do?

Bill: I stopped the merry-go-round and got off.

Eugene Meyerpeter
St. Louis, Mo.
Age 10



A boy was walking down the street with his mother.

"What are those things in the basket, mother?"

"Those are eggplants," said his mother.

"Oh, buy one, mother. Then we can grow our own eggs!"

Eloise Stoughton
Chicago, Ill.
Age 8

Joe: Howdy Doctor, Doctor, Doctor, Doctor. Oh, hang it! I forgot your name and I had it on the tip of my tongue.

Doctor: Let's see your tongue.

Frank Perrino
Melrose Park, Ill.
Age 11

Salesman: Ever had an accident?

Cowboy: No, but a rattle snake bit me once.

Salesman: Don't you call that an accident?

Cowboy: No, he bit me on purpose.

James Newman
Lubbock, Texas

In a street car sat a very thin man greatly discomforted by the pressure of an extremely fat gentleman beside him. Turning to his neighbor the thin man said, "They really should charge by weight on these cars."

Fat Man: "Well, if they did, they couldn't afford to stop for some people at all."

J. W. Warren
Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Well, David, how did you like your first day at school?" asked his father. "All right," said David, "but a big man called a teacher spoiled the fun."

Edna McDougal
Canada
Age 13

Joe: (going to get a licking) You can't spank me.

Mother: Why?

Joe: It's not my birthday.

Jimmy Davis
McCloud, Calif.

A-hunting we will go
A-hunting we will go
We caught a fox but forgot our box,
So we let him go!

Barbara Hendley
Middletown, Conn.
Age 9

Boy: "Say, father, won't you buy me a drum?"

Father: "No, no, you would be constantly disturbing me with the noise."

Boy: "I won't, father, I promise you I will drum only when you're asleep."

Lorraine Halama
Cicero, Ill.
Age 13

Quacks Edited by Donald Duck

Donald: I'm thinking of the future.

Mickey: I can't. It's Minnie's birthday and I have to think about the present.

Bill Johnson
Twin Falls, Idaho
Age 12

Jack: There goes a fellow who takes the worst possible view of everything.

Jim: Is he a pessimist?

Jack: No he's a photographer.

Frederick Hood, Jr.
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Age 10

Farmer Brown: Who is in my chicken house?

Colored Sam: Nuttin but us chickens, boss!

Carroll Jarnagin
Arlington, Texas

Teacher: Write a sentence using eight parts of grammar.

Tommy: The noun jumped over the pronoun and the adverb hit the verb over the head with the adjective while the pronoun knocked the interjection out of the conjunction.

Ray Gibson
Pagosa Springs, Colorado
Age 13

Mickey: Too bad about Donald.

Minnie: Why, what happened?

Mickey: He slipped on a banana peel and was arrested for giving a street performance without a license.

Miles Tuttl
Divide, Montana
Age 13

Tramp: "Lady will you do something for me?"

Lady: "What is it?"

Tramp: "Here's a button. Will you sew a shirt on it please?"

John Krohn
Black River Falls, Wis.

Sam: I wish I had lived thirty years ago.

Joe: Why?

Sam: Then I wouldn't have so much history to learn!

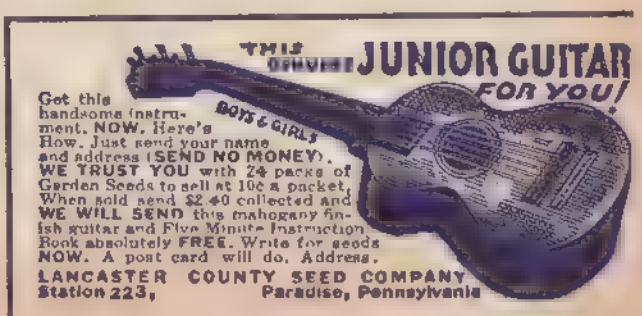
Robert Shindler
Pittsfield, Mass.

A little boy came running into the house after he had gone gopher hunting with an older boy.

"Daddy, daddy!" he cried, "Bobby and I saw a funny animal and when it saw us it stuck its hands and feet in its pockets and swallowed its head!"

Sheila Hogan
Aberdeen, South Dakota
Age 11

Send your joke in today—which is your permission for us to print it—and don't forget to give your name, address and age. You may win a prize! Address your letter to DONALD DUCK, Editor, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York City.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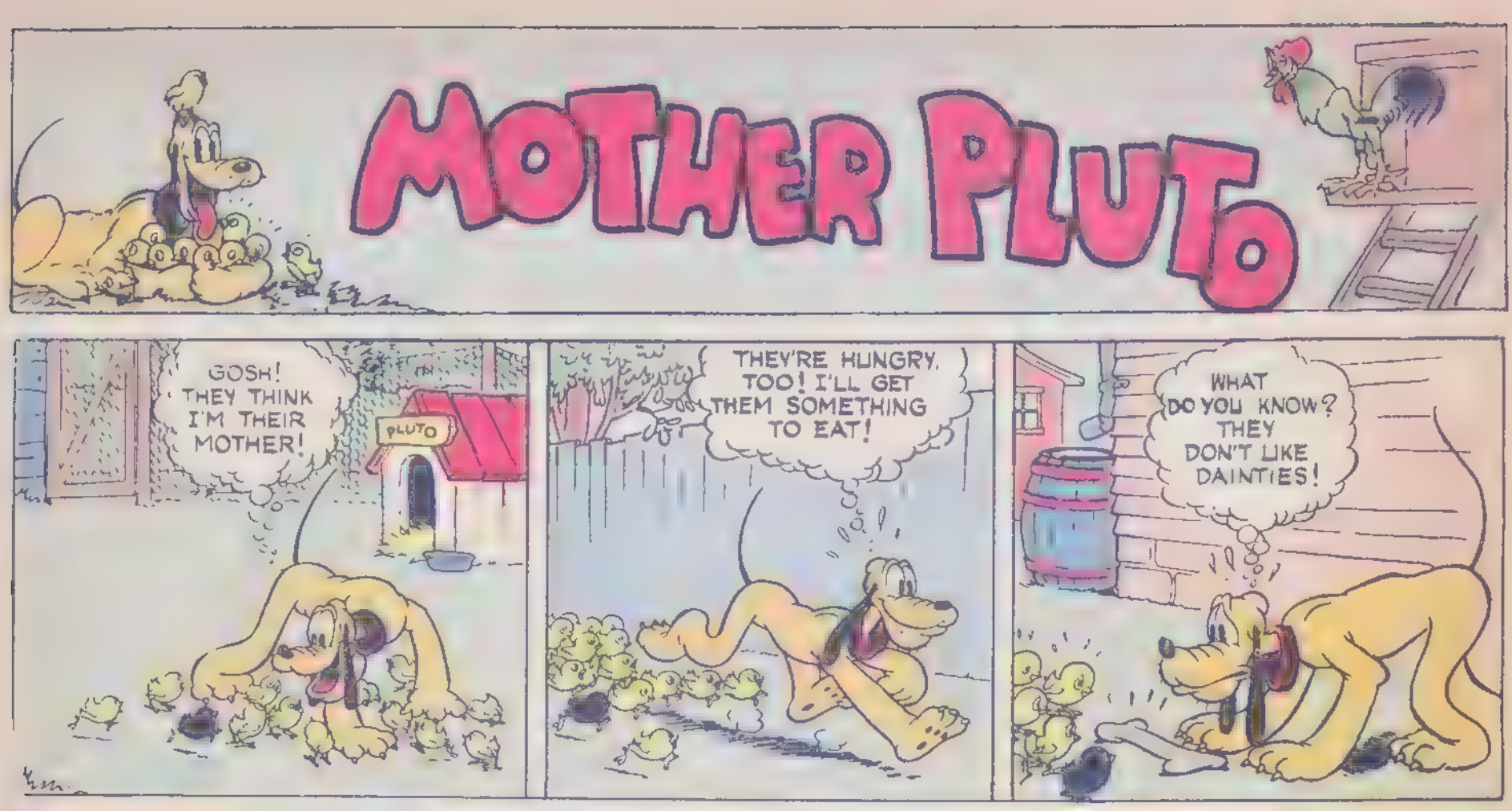
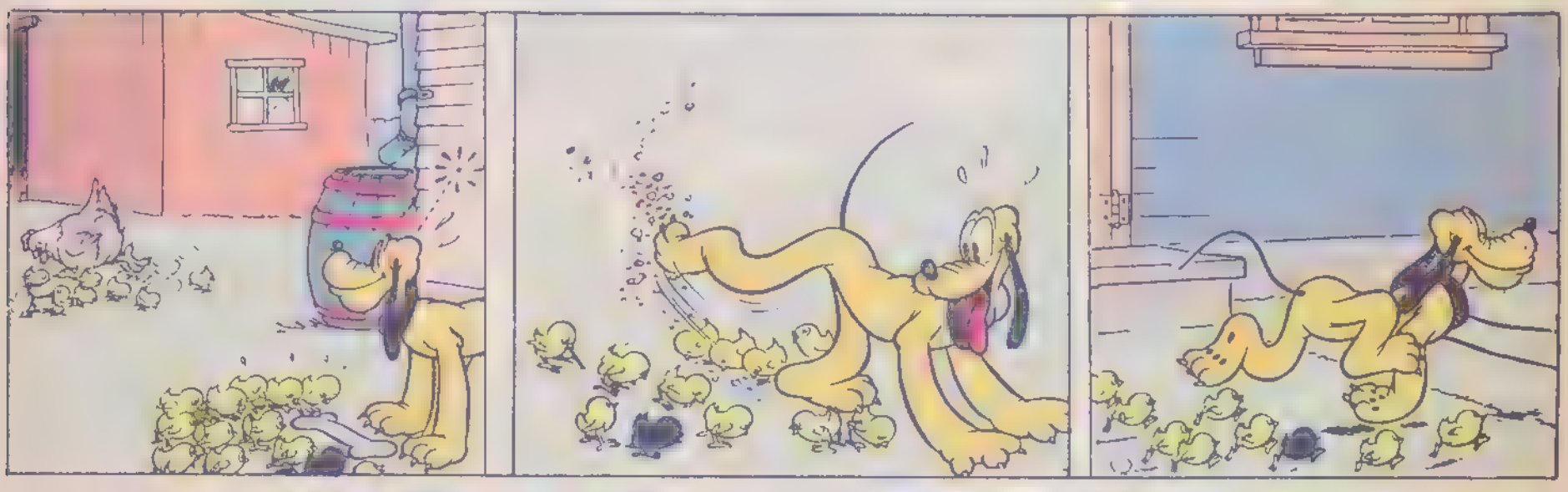
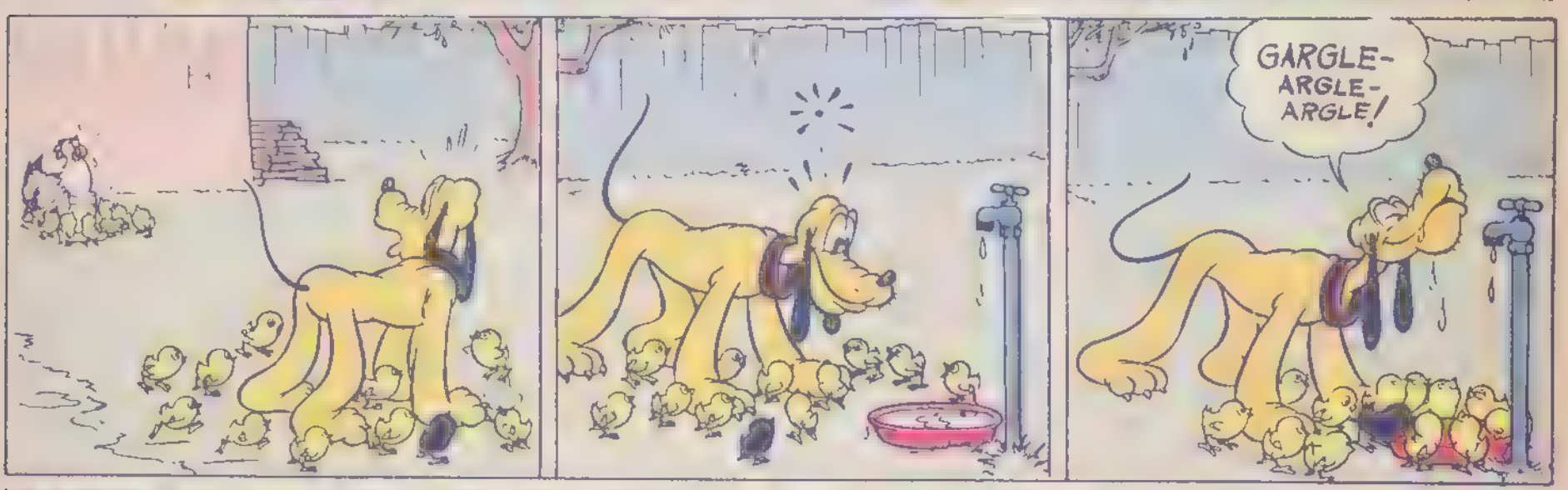
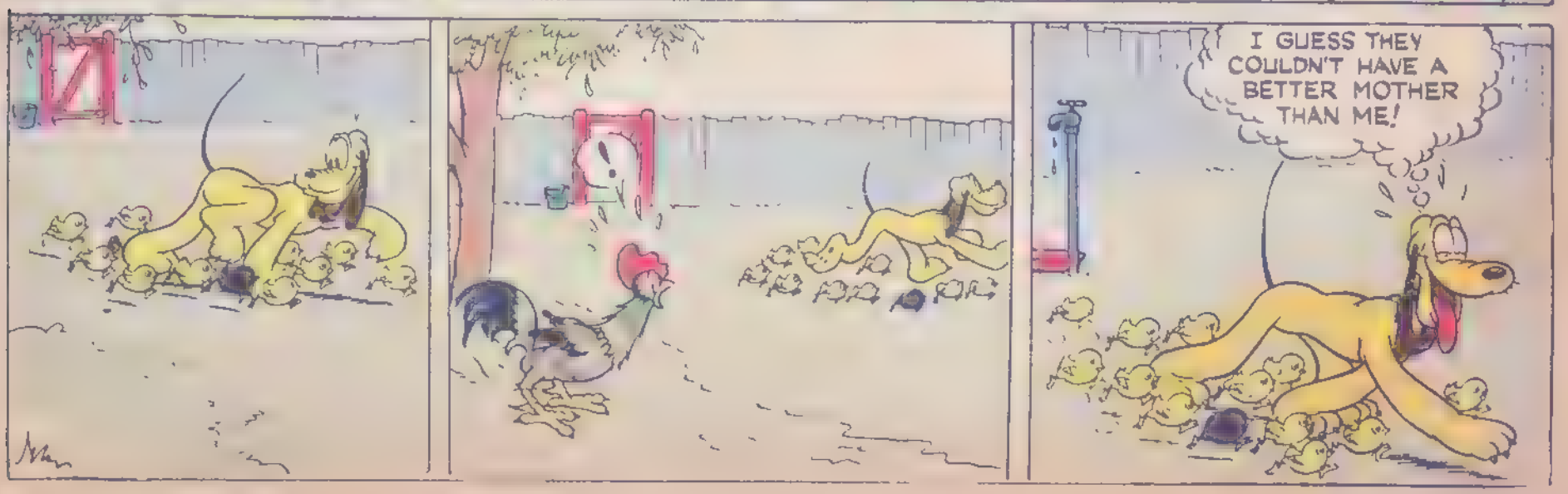
MOTHER PLUTO


GOSH! THEY THINK I'M THEIR MOTHER!
PLUTO
THEY'RE HUNGRY, TOO! I'LL GET THEM SOMETHING TO EAT!
WHAT DO YOU KNOW? THEY DON'T LIKE DAINTIES!







SPOTTY

THE GREEDY LITTLE PIGLET

SPOTTY, THE GREEDY LITTLE PIG, WAS ALWAYS SO BUSY TRYING TO GET MORE THAN HIS SHARE, THAT HE NEVER ENJOYED WHAT HE HAD! ONE DAY AT DINNERTIME---

---SPOTTY NUDGED AND PUSHED THE OTHERS AWAY FROM THE TROUGH! HE THOUGHT THEY ALWAYS GOT MORE THAN HE D.D!

THEN HE SAW THE COWS AND HORSES MUNCHING CONTENTEDLY AND WAS SURE THEY MUST HAVE SOMETHING EXTRA SPECIAL FOR DINNER!

THAT WAS WHY THEY WERE SO HAPPY AND CONTENTED WHILE HE WAS STILL HUNGRY---

---TERRIBLY HUNGRY!

SO, HEEDLESS OF HIS MOTHER'S WARNING, SPOTTY NOSED HIS WAY IN WHERE HE SHOULDN'T AND AS USUAL--

OINK! OINK! OINK! OINK! OINK!

---WAS THROWN OUT BEFORE HE HAD A SINGLE BITE OF FOOD!

HE FINALLY GOT ENOUGH OF BEING CUFFED AROUND AND WENT BACK TO HIS OWN MEAL.

BUT, ALAS--HE WAS TOO LATE! DINNER WAS OVER!

SPOTTY COMPLAINED IN A LOUD, WHINING VOICE! BUT, OF COURSE, IT WAS HIS OWN FAULT, AS HIS MOTHER TOLD HIM!

O-I-N-K?

UNK-UNK-UNKH!

JUST THE SAME, SPOTTY SULKED AND FELT VERY MUCH ABUSED. HE DECIDED TO LEAVE THIS MEAN OLD FARMYARD---

---AND FIND A MORE FRIENDLY PLACE WHERE A LITTLE PIG WOULD BE TREATED RIGHT!

CONTINUED.

MICKEY MOUSE by WALT DISNEY

HOW ARE THE FISH RUNNING?

THEY AREN'T WHATEVER OLD BARNEY HASN'T EATEN, HE'S SKEERED AWAY!

IF SOMEBODY DON'T KETCH THAT WHALE, THE FISHING TRADE AIN'T WORTH A DIME!

WHALE OR NO WHALE, THIS IS A FISHING-BOAT! GET READY THE NETS AND GO TO WORK!

HEY! WOT FOR YOU FOOL ALOUND ON DECK? YOU NOT FISHAMAN! PLENTY DISH WASHEE TO DO! MAKE SNAPPY!

HERE I AM STUCK AT THIS JOB, WHILE THE SAILORS ARE OUT FISHING

PHOOH! SAILERS NO CATCHEE FISH, BUT YOU DO GOOD JOB WET WASHEE DISHES!

BUT I WANT ADVENTURE -- ACTION! I WANTA HELP GET THAT WHALE!

THAR SHE BLOW-W-S!

OH, BOY!

OOM-PA-PA'H!!

MAN THE GUNS--ER, TO THE BOATS--UH-- ALL HANDS ON DECK!

OOM-PA-PAH!

GOSH! WHAT A WHOPPER!

BOY! THAT'S A BREAK-- HE'S GOING DOWN!

YOU DON'T KNOW OLD BARNEY! WHEN HE SOUNDS, LOOK OUT!

O-MI-GOSH!

VOOP! VOOP!

GAWRSH! LOOK WHAT HE DONE TO THEM GUYS' CANOE!

SMACK!

OOM-PA-PAH!

OOMP-PAH!

FOR GOSH SAKES! HE SOUNDS LIKE A TUBA-PLAYER!

HO! HO! YOU TRY PLAY WEETH HEEM, YOU WAKE UP PLAYING ON HARP!

WHAT'N BLAZES IS THIS? A BLASTED MUSIC SCHOOL? YOU, PEDRO, LAY FOR'ARD AND MAN THE GUN! LIVELY!

DAD-BLAST IT! HE'S GETTING AWAY!

OOOOM-PA-PAAAAH!!

HE'S TURNED, CAP'N! HE'S COMING RIGHT AT US!!

AVAST THERE! YE CAN'T SHOOT OVER THE STERN, YE DOLT!

VOOOO-O-OP!

ALL HANDS GET BRACED FOR A CRASH!

I CAN'T GIT BRACED! MUH KNEES WON'T WORK!

UH-HAW! WE'RE SAVED! THE BLAMED CRITTER'S SINKING

GRAB SOMETHING YE FOOL!

KA-BUNK

B-L-A-M-M

NOW'S OUR CHANCE! STAND BY THE GUN AND GET HIM WHEN HE COMES OUT!

HERE HE IS! HERE HE IS! HE'S COMING OUT!

WHERE? WHERE EES---?

UNDER YOUR PORT BOW! FIRE!

SMACK!

SHOW ME THEES @xx-!!☆! WHALE! I KEEL HEEM QUEECK!

TOO LATE, OLD BOY! HE'S A MILE AWAY AND TRAVELING FAST!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, THE WHALE HAS KEPT AWAY AND THE DAFFODIL'S MEN ARE SETTLED DOWN TO THE DULL MONOTONY OF FISHING.

TWO MEN IN EACH OF THE DORIES TAKE CARE OF THE LINES.

SUCH FEESH! BAH!

HUH! OLD BARNEY OVERLOOKED THESE!

OTHERS ON THE SHIP HANDLE THE BIG NETS!

THE SKIPPER, AS DEJECTED AS THE MEN, WATCHES FOR THE WHALE, WHOSE CAPTURE MEANS SO MUCH TO ALL CONCERNED.

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